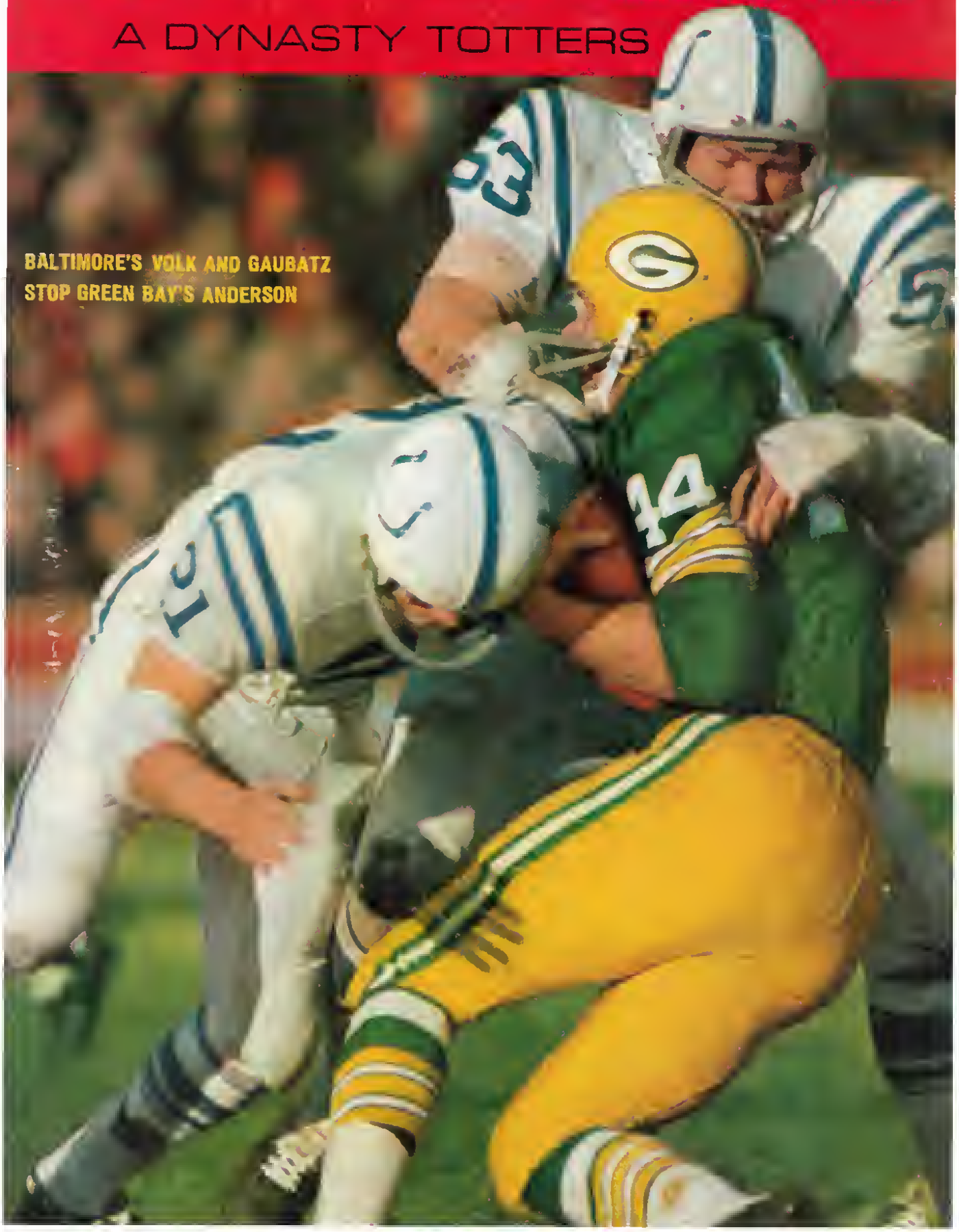
Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 15, 1958 20 CENTS

A DYNASTY TOTTERS



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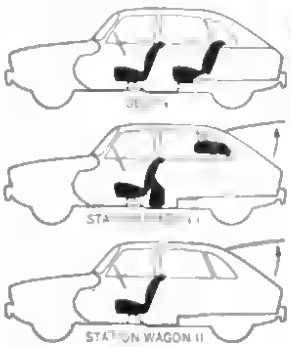
CHAPTER TWO: THE RENAULT 16 SEDAN-WAGON

Our story opened with the Renault 10. And that chapter is being written every day. At last count, there were over 35,000 Renault 10's on the road.

And so the stage is nicely set for our latest installment: The Renault 16 Sedan-Wagon.

The Sedan-Wagon. Besides being a new chapter for us, the Sedan-Wagon represents a new chapter in the industry.

Until now, even if you only needed a station wagon occasionally, you had to drive one around all the time. With the Renault 16, you drive around a sedan. And when you need a station wagon, it turns into a station wagon.



The front-wheel drive. Quite logical. The engine up front to get maximum hauling area in the rear. The drive wheels also up front to get maximum traction from the engine's weight.

The engine. Pressure cast aluminum block. 5 main bearings. And a sealed liquid cooling system that virtually eliminates the bother of having to add anti-freeze. It can milk 28 miles out of a gallon of gas, and still manages a top speed of 93 mph. It is so well put together that you could roll up 30,000 continuous miles at 85, as we did, back and forth and back and forth between Rome and Milan.

The seats. They're every bit as comfortable as those in the Renault 10. And the seats in the Renault 10 have been stacked up against the seats in the Rolls-Royce.

The road manners. The suspension is soft, without being mushy. Each wheel moves up and down independently, controlled by long torsion bars.

The price. The Sedan-Wagon sells for $2,445.* The price of most sedan-sedans.



RENAULT

FOR INFORMA[illegible] DEALER OR WRIT[illegible] AVENUE, ENGLEWOOD [illegible] BOX 6

*P.O.E. EAST COAST.

Usher's was light when candles lit up Christmas trees, toys came without warrantees, ancient castles were hung with trim, and Scrooge blessed little Tiny Tim.

Christmases were always white when Usher's first went light.

You see, Usher's Green Stripe Scotch was light in 1853.

It's the only one that was.

Try a sip of Usher's and see how light was meant to be.



the original light Scotch.

86 proof. Brown-Forman Distillers Corp., Louisville, Ky. ©1968

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc , 540 N Michigan Ave , Chicago Ill 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N Y 10020, James A Linen, President, D W Brumbaugh, Treasurer, John F Harvey, Secretary Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill and at additional mailing offices Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash Continental U S subscriptions $9 a year, Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands $10 a year military personnel anywhere in the world $6 a year, all others $14 a year

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Next week

THE CENTRAL DIVISION remains undecided with Chicago and Minnesota tied for the lead Tex Maule covers the finish, then predicts which winner will be NFL champion

THE ROSE BOWL will settle the national championship and other bowls will resolve matters of prestige Scouting reports assess who will do what to whom in the annual games

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR is our salute to the individual whose achievements stand out over all the others that have made the year 1968 so rich in athletic excellence

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

In Scotland they call them kelpies; in Ireland, gremlins; in England, elves. They are, as everyone knows, the "little people," endowed with boundless energy, a talent for making sober humans smile and the habit of never staying in one place for long. Sometimes they even turn up in the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, as does Janet Graham this week. Janet is a 5' 2" blue-eyed brunette whose story on skiing behind the Iron Curtain—well, a sort of skiing—begins on page 64.

British-born Janet Graham comes from a long line of writers. Both maternal and paternal grandmothers were authors, and Janet is the daughter of the late Jan Struther, the famous novelist who wrote *Mrs. Miniver*, thereby supplying Actress Greer Garson with a one-way ticket to stardom.



JANET AND HUSBAND PATRICK RANCE

If Jan Struther's daughter writes in a style that may seem more American than British it is because Janet was shipped off to America in 1940, at age 11, to escape London's bombing. Her visit lasted nine years, and after being educated at the Quaker George School in Bucks County, Pa., she moved to New York to begin her writing career in the poetry department of *Good Housekeeping*. "I left *Good Housekeeping* to do a couple of years of footloose travel and free-lance writing on the Continent; did a short spell at the British Embassy in Paris, but quit to go by barge to Marseilles with an anarchist."

Janet, who has always considered herself more writer than athlete, spent her early years in a "golf-mad household," did her first sports reporting at the age of 7 when, seated on a backyard wall overlooking the 3rd green of a Rye, England golf course, she scrupulously wrote down some unfamiliar expletives under the title, "Golfers' Conversations." "My nursemaid took one look at 'Golfers' Conversations' and temporarily halted my promising career."

When not on writing assignments, Janet lives in picturesque Streatley, Berkshire with her husband Patrick Rance and six children, "three of each kind," who range in age from 6 to 16. "My husband claims he only married me because he knew I'd been a *Good Housekeeping* editor. Imagine his chagrin on discovering I'd been dealing with poetry, not food." The Rances own a "cracker-barrel" type store that specializes in 80 different varieties of cheese, something for Rance to nibble on while Author Graham is not there to cook for him. Her footloose travels have taken her to Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Turkey, the Outer Hebrides, the Algerian Sahara and the scene of her most recent article, Rumania.

"My measurements," reports Miss Graham, in a modest cable from England, "if anyone is interested, are the same as the *Venus de Milo* . . . she needed to go on a diet, too." Skiing in Rumania, as the reader will discover, turned out to be a harrowing way to travel, and surely should have taken off a few of those *Venus de Milo* pounds.

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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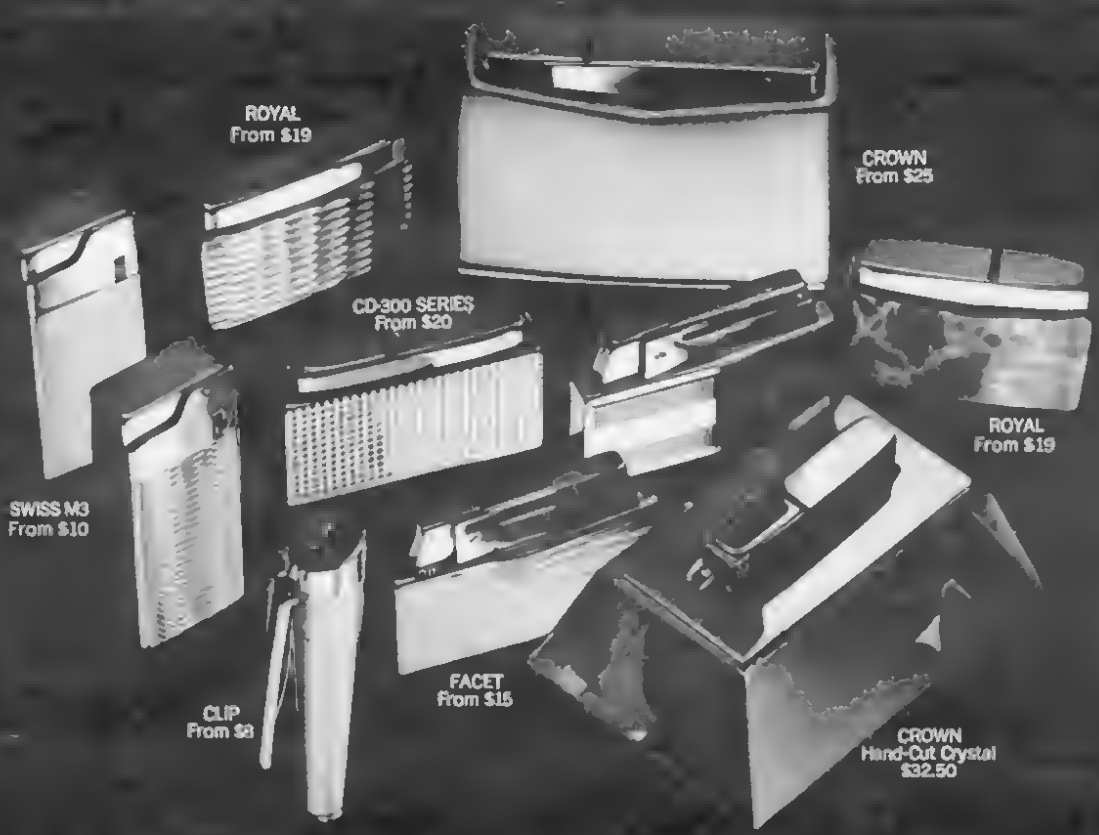
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If all you want is flame, get a match.

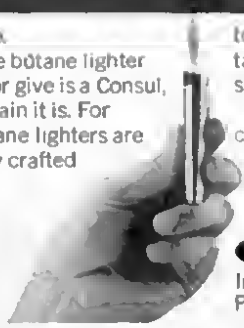


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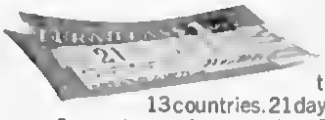




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Of course, some people think you have too much choice in the marketplace.

They think you are confused or, maybe, just not bright enough to make up your own mind about the products you want and need. They think the government ought to help you.

For instance, wouldn't it be simpler if there were only four brands of toothpaste instead of 68? And who needs all those flavors? Most people like peppermint so why shouldn't they all be peppermint? Don't laugh. There really are people—well-meaning people—who think the government ought to regulate the number of brands on the market and standardize their contents. In other words, they want to do your shopping for you. That's nice of them. But, has anyone asked *you* about it?

Maybe you don't like peppermint.

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SCORECARD

COME ON, VERDICT

The Kentucky Derby drugging case has finally gone to the jury. Having read or heard an estimated 1.5 million words of testimony, the five-man Kentucky State Racing Commission must now decide whether to back up the Churchill Downs stewards who found that Dancer's Image was drugged and that Owner Peter Fuller should be denied the winner's purse or to accept the contention of Fuller's lawyers—that the tests which found Butazolidin in the horse's urine were badly made and inconclusive. If the commission now finds, as expected, enough evidence to support the stewards' original ruling, Fuller will doubtless take his case on to Kentucky's Franklin Circuit Court. There, it is to be hoped, Judge Henry Meigs will dig deeply enough to unearth explanations for the odd post-race behavior of some of the leading figures in the case, including Fuller's veterinarian, his two trainers, and even two of his lawyers.

So, apparently, we must leave to the slow and due processes of law the resolution of a scandal that should have been dealt with long ago by the Kentucky racing authorities themselves.

COMMEMORATION

Next year Canada will issue a stamp honoring the ancient sport of curling. So it pays, after all, to let a few things slide.

AGAINST THE BIRDS

For $10,000 Joseph H. Fink will see to it next month that the tens of thousands of starlings that normally roost in downtown Washington, and particularly along Pennsylvania Ave., will not participate in the inauguration of Richard M. Nixon as the 37th President of the United States.

Fink will supervise an eight-man crew in the spraying of 96 trees along the inaugural parade route with a compound that irritates birds' feet and offends their smell (but not the President's or ours). He developed the compound 22 years ago, and now, from his "National Bird Control Laboratory" in Skokie, Ill., he sells more than $700,000 worth of it every year. He has bird-proofed, among other things, Plymouth Rock, the statue of King George V in Brisbane, Australia, and every U.S. inaugural since 1953. He is too little appreciated.

UP IN THE AIR

When NBC-TV outraged the public by switching from the New York-Oakland game to *Heidi*, blowing a spectacular finish, did CBS-TV learn anything? Well, the Apollo 8 astronauts are scheduled to make a live telecast from 100,000 miles up, on their way to the moon, just before 3 p.m., Dec. 22. That would be well into the second quarter of the NFL Western Conference championship game to be carried by CBS. Who will be left hanging? Astronaut fans. The space pictures will be taped and shown at halftime. Even though that may enrage majorette fans.

PROCESSED DATA BOWL

Woroner Productions, Inc., of Miami, which gave us the alltime heavyweight championship tournament by computer (Rocky Marciano beat Jack Dempsey in the finals last year, SI, Sept. 16) and is giving us the alltime middleweight tournament this year (Marcel Cerdan, Stan Ketchel, Jake La Motta, Sugar Ray Robinson, Dick Tiger and Tony Zale are still in contention), will presume next year to discover the alltime greatest college football team.

The electronically computed dream games will be broadcast play-by-play over the radio, just as the mythical fights have been. The season will begin next Sept. 1, when Michigan State '52 and '66 will play each other to decide which will represent the Spartans for all time. In following weeks Notre Dame '46 and '66 (Johnny Lujack vs. Terry Hanratty) will meet, then Tennessee '38 and '51 (Bowden Wyatt vs. Hank Lauricella).

And then the greatest teams of Texas, Oklahoma, Michigan, Army, Syracuse, Pittsburgh, UCLA, USC ('67—the youngest entry), Minnesota ('34—the oldest), Ohio State, Georgia Tech, LSU and Alabama will enter the single-elimination fray, which will culminate in a superduper ever-after bowl Dec. 29.

The question of which years' teams should represent the colleges was left to either the school's athletic director or a committee appointed by him. The only place where that was a little sticky was West Point. "Do you want me to remain a lieutenant colonel all my life?" asked the officer whom computer-sports mogul Murry Woroner consulted. "Every general in the Army was on a different West Point team." A civilian committee selected the team of 1946 (Blanchard and Davis, 9-0-1).

PASS THE BOOK

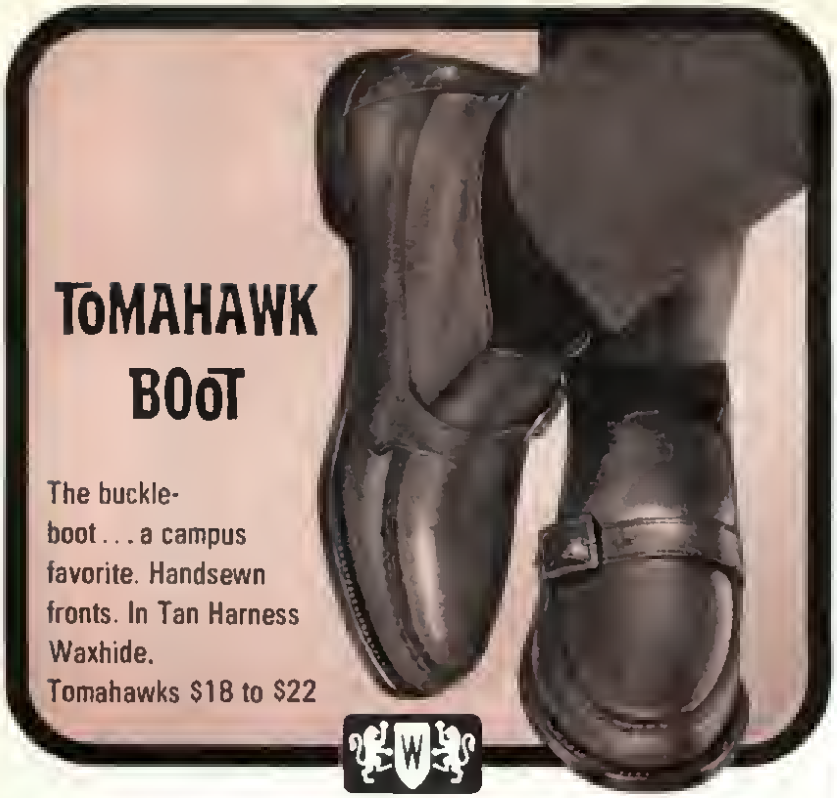
The men of St. Francis College, Biddeford, Me., have discovered a new way to build a library: a relay race. Recently 52 St. Francis students ran the 104



miles between the college and Harvard's Widener Library. Dr. Richard Spath, St. Francis president, was the first runner. He went about 300 yards at 5 o'clock in the morning and passed on *Commentary on Aristotle's Physics*, which was handed to a representative of Harvard at the end of the run.

The idea was to call attention to the contrast between the St. Francis Library's needs and Widener's abundance —St. Francis has 30,000 volumes, Widener 3 million. And the publicity paid off. George Gloss, proprietor of the Brattle Book Shop in Boston, gave the stu-

continued



WINTHROP

DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI



The mouse that roars.

You'd expect it to squeak. A tiny radio 1¼" high, 2¼" wide and ¾" deep doesn't exactly look like hi-fi.

But with integrated circuitry, big things can now come in small packages. One barely visible silicon chip holds 9 transistors, 4 diodes and 14 resistors.

It looks like a jewel in black and chrome. We even boxed it like a jewel. So if you can't afford diamonds, buy her a mini mouse for $39.95.* SONY ICR-100

dents some three hundred books three days after the anchor man came puffing into Cambridge with the Aristotle.

"How can you turn down these kids?" the benevolent Mr. Gloss said. "They've got the right idea of a student demonstration." And indeed this bookathon opens up all sorts of possibilities, such as jogging for a new dorm, dashes for a greater voice in college affairs, national student book relays from coast to coast, or chasing the dean around a building instead of locking him in it.

SET OF FIVE

First cocktails, caviar, smoked sturgeon and salmon for the select 40 guests—the cream of North American gun collectors and shooters—on the seventh floor of Abercrombie & Fitch. Then dinner (quail and venison and pheasant pie) in the Hunt Room at "21". The occasion last week was special: Abercrombie was unveiling and offering for sale a set of five matched shotguns by Holland & Holland of London that is unique in the history of gun-making.

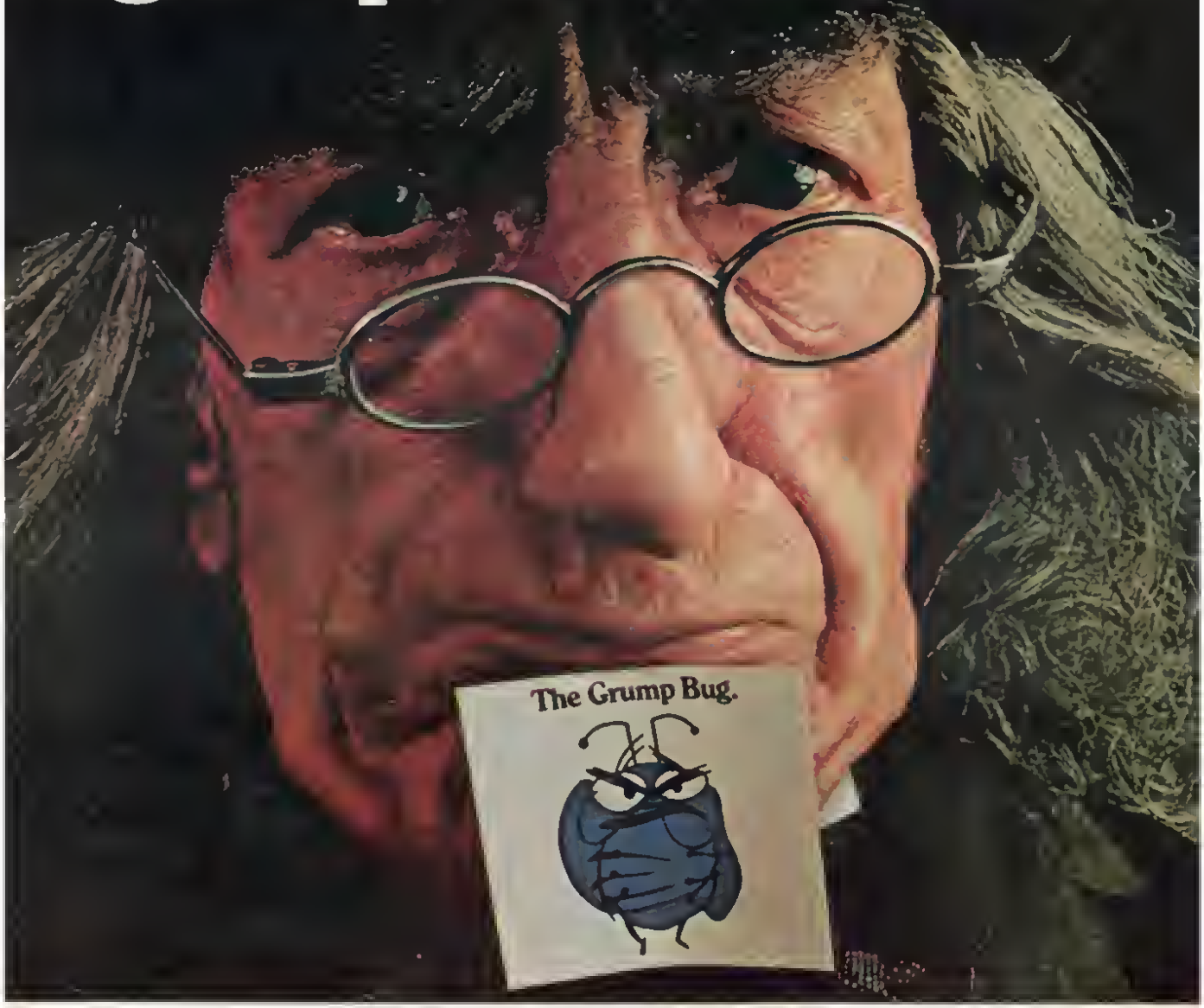
The guns are five different gauges, from 12 down to .410, and each has a different bird—the 16 for instance bears a pheasant, the 28 a mourning dove—inlaid in gold. Otherwise they match perfectly, from deep-scrolled engraving to scaled screwheads. The triggers, locks and ejectors are gilded, and the stocks are of the finest French walnut. The set took 5,500 man-hours to fashion, and the price, including the Brazilian rosewood cabinet by Asprey's of London, was $50,000.

"Actually I was never keen on selling them," said Malcolm Lyell of Holland & Holland, who flew over for the dinner and sale. "I just wanted to make them for the hang of it, because we were making history." When the guns were finished this year the King of Nepal expressed interest and so did Saud of Arabia, but Earle K. Angstadt Jr., president of Abercrombie, had already spoken for them.

After coffee and champagne the guests settled back, waiting for Angstadt to announce they were free to inspect the guns in their undraped cabinet at the end of the room. When he did, there was a gentlemanly rush forward. The guests had 45 minutes to decide whether to buy. Should more than one be willing to part with $50,000, Angstadt would select the lucky purchaser by a drawing. At 11:30

continued

Let's get rid of the grumps for Christmas.



Remember Scrooge?

He turned out to be a pretty nice guy. Once he saw the error of his ways.

That's why we're giving away extra Grump Bug stickers with every shiny new Plymouth you rent from Avis this month.

So you can start bugging your sourpuss friends. And help straighten them out for the holidays.

Of course, we also give you a regular set of stickers. So you can bug us, too, if we don't measure up.

Why are we trying so hard to improve ourselves?

Well, everybody knows what Avis wants for Christmas.



Avis

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Schenley Reserve.
Elegant to look at in its stunning holiday decanter.
Elegantly gift-wrapped in pebbled white carton with tri-color stripes.
And elegant to taste, because it's so ultra-smooth.
Give it to friends and relatives on your list.
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the room hushed, and Angstadt announced that the guns were sold. "I cannot divulge the name of the buyer," he said, "for they have been bought as a Christmas present."

COOKY, ANYONE?

There is a sports angle to the worst-tasting new discovery we have ever heard of. Not that a new way to treat gallstones—feeding the patients special cookies made with lecithin, a substance that dissolves the stones—is any more important to athletes than to anyone else. But when Dr. Robert M. Zollinger of Ohio State University discussed the new treatment before a recent medical gathering, he admitted that it had one drawback. The cookies taste, he said, "like a greasy tennis ball with hair on it."

STRETCHING OUT

The English football world is in something of a flap over the possibility of American intervention. The Atlanta Braves, Inc., referred to in the English press as a "dollar-loaded American organization," certainly didn't get loaded by its recent investment in soccer, the Atlanta Chiefs (SCORECARD, Sept. 23). But the Braves have been talking to shareholders of the Aston Villa team of England, for which former Chiefs Coach Phil Woosnam once starred as a player. And English Football League President Len Shipman fears "a black day for the game if the foreign syndicates get hold of it." Aston Villa once filled its 60,000-seat stadium, but currently draws only around 14,000. All it needs now is an infusion of good old American soccer expertise.

NO FANS, NO O.J.

"O. J. Simpson," says one of the agents who would very much like to negotiate his contract, "is worth 10,000 more fans for some pro teams." Last Sunday the Philadelphia Eagles had plenty of room to put those fans in—but they may well have lost O.J. The Eagles beat the New Orleans Saints, leaving the Buffalo Bills with the worst record in pro football and therefore with the inside track on drafting Simpson. And a boycott by Philadelphia fans (notwithstanding the official announcement of 57,128 tickets sold) left some 15,000 seats empty in 60,658-capacity Franklin Field.

The boycott was instigated by the Committee to Rejuvenate the Philadelphia Eagles, or CRPE (pronounced "crepe"?), recently organized by Main Line businessman Frank C. Sheppard. The idea was to let the Eagles know that Philadelphia will not support a horrible football team. "When they field a team like this," said Sheppard before the game with the Saints, "one touchdown in the last three weeks—and it came against the Browns' scrubs with three seconds left—well, that's not pro football."

Since the Eagles' computer gave O.J. a .5 rating in the spring, "I'd better than a superstar," according to a scout, he can be expected to lend a team a certain amount of professionalism. But just because a man is good enough to gain 1,709 yards rushing in a year does not mean he is good enough to save a city the size of Philadelphia, or even Buffalo. And at any rate he may never be burdened with either challenge. O.J. is not likely to sign with anybody in the near future. He is going to preserve his amateurism long enough to run on the USC track team this spring. That would give the team that drafts him plenty of time to sell negotiation rights to some other team—perhaps in Los Angeles, San Francisco or Dallas, where O.J. has said he would prefer to play—for a princely package of players or cash. Such a deal would surely have tempted Eagles Owner Jerry Wolman, locked as he is in a struggle against bankruptcy. And some prosperous franchise might even have thrown in a few thousand fans. If there was ever a Pyrrhic victory, the Eagles won it Sunday.

THEY SAID IT

• Bob Combear, first-year basketball coach at Bowling Green, who disliked the officiating in his team's 90-88 double-overtime loss to St. Joseph's, describing his sleep that night: "I dreamed I was on a safari in Africa and killed every zebra I saw."

• Murray Williams, Ole Miss tackle, after finishing his first football game on the artificial turf at the University of Tennessee: "I'd just as soon play in the street."

• George King, Purdue basketball coach, comparing his Rick Mount with UCLA's Lew Alcindor: "Rick is the best shooter I've ever seen or played against, but Alcindor and four grandmothers could beat you; Mount and four grandmothers couldn't."

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Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 16, 1968

AU REVOIR, PACKERS!

When Green Bay lost to the powerful Baltimore Colts last week it meant that the old champions would not be in the Super Bowl this time, but it would be wrong to assume that they will not come back

by TEX MAULE

The Baltimore Colts, relying on the toughest defense (*see cover*) this side of the Berlin Wall, looked very much like the Green Bay Packers last week. The *old* Green Bay Packers. This was unfortunate for the current edition of the Packers, who looked more like the Vassar Coquettes as the Colts stifled them 16–3 before more than 50,000 Green Bay fans last week.

The loss snuffed out what dim hope the Packers had to win their fourth straight championship. Now the Central Division title could well go to the Chicago Bears, who have come back from the dead after losing Gale Sayers and three quarterbacks at various stages of the campaign. They are tied with the Minnesota Vikings, but because they beat the Vikings twice during the season they can clinch the title with a victory this week over the Packers. If the Bears lose, they will almost certainly finish second to Minnesota, since the Vikings should have an easy game against the Philadelphia Eagles.

The Packers' defeat by Baltimore was, in a way, a microcosm of the whole unfortunate year for Green Bay. The team made five major mistakes—four lost fumbles and an intereeption—and a host of minor ones, including a booming four-yard punt from the toe of Donny Anderson. The defense was stubborn most of the game, but each of those four fumbles gave Baltimore the ball in Green Bay territory and led directly to two field goals and the lone touchdown. Meanwhile, the Packers did not get beyond the Colt 35 until the fourth quarter. Their three points came in the first period when Mike Mercer banked a field goal off the right upright from the Baltimore 45-yard line.

To be sure, much of the Packers' misfortune was caused by the Baltimore defense, a unit which has now gone four games without giving up a touchdown. In 13 games this season the Colts have yielded only 120 points, and a quarter of those came in their one bad show of the year, a 30–20 loss to the Cleveland Browns.

Countless words undoubtedly will be written describing the Green Bay debacle as the end of a dynasty, but this is a theory the Packers themselves do not endorse. To them, the disasters of 1968 were an interruption, not an end. All the bad luck Green Bay escaped in the nine years under Vince Lombardi seemed to descend upon the team in Phil Bengtson's first season as coach, and the avalanche of injuries, bad bounces, missed field goals and untimely penalties resulted in Green Bay's first losing season since 1959.

When the Baltimore game was over, the atmosphere in the Packer dressing room was more resigned than funereal. It was almost as if the players had expected the worst, although before the game Jerry Kramer, when asked if he thought Green Bay had a chance against the Colts, said, "You're damned right we have. We'll beat them."

After the game he shook his head. "I hope we got rid of all of it this year. Everything that can happen to a ball club happened. I keep thinking about what it says in the Bible. Three fat years and then three lean. Or is it seven and seven? We had enough bad luck for seven years all in one."

Aside from injuries, which wiped out most of the defensive line and sidelined Quarterback Bart Starr for key games, including last week's, the Packers suffered from lack of a field-goal kicker for most of the season.

"You figure we could have won four games we lost if we had had a long-range kicker," said Elijah Pitts, the running back who shares time with Anderson. "We win those four games, this one doesn't mean a thing. But it doesn't do any good crying about it. We learned some things this year. We had some adjustments to make. We found out you don't get ready for a game by starting to think about it on Friday. You got to think about it all the time all week. We'll be back next year."

Although Pitts did not go into detail on the adjustments the club had to make, it was clear that he was referring to the change from Lombardi to Bengtson, from the emotional, hypercharged approach that Lombardi used to whip his club into a frenzy week after week to the rather cool, intellectual administration of his former assistant.

"We have to get ourselves up," one veteran said. "We're pros. We should. But somehow we didn't."

However, the Packers were up for Baltimore. They opened play with what is an atypical defense for Green Bay, a club that makes almost a fetish of

continued

Outleaping Packers' Adderley, Colts' Richardson takes pass for game's only touchdown.


26


74
17

orthodoxy on defense. From the first offensive play by Baltimore until the end of the game, the Packers gambled. They do not blitz often, but on this chill, bright and windy afternoon, they did it well over half the time. In the first half, on one sequence covering two Colt offensive series and nine plays, the Packer linebackers, in various combinations, blitzed all nine times.

"We didn't expect them to come so much," Earl Morrall, the Colt quarterback, said after it was over. "Every time we went into a slot formation they blitzed. I had to audible a lot to take care of it."

The Colts picked up the Green Bay blitz much of the time. Coach Don Shula varied the Baltimore blocking assignments so that the blitzing linebackers never knew who would take them. And although the Packer ploy worked well enough to spoil Baltimore drives several times deep in Green Bay territory, it cost the Packers a touchdown early in the game.

This happened the second time Baltimore got the ball, after Donny Anderson had fumbled and Colt Cornerback Bobby Boyd had recovered on the Green Bay 28. With second and eight, the Packers blitzed, and Morrall, with strong protection, had time to loft a high trajectory pass to End Willie Richardson in the corner of the end zone. A blitz usually forces the cornerbacks into single coverage on the flanker and spread end. In this case Richardson did not exactly beat Herb Adderley, but he timed his leap for the ball better and took it just behind and over the outstretched fingertips of the Packer defender for the only touchdown of the game.

On other occasions, throwing against the augmented rush, Morrall narrowly missed open receivers on deep patterns. Although he was dropped only twice, he was hurried several times.

"The blitzes were a calculated risk," said Packer Linebacker Lee Roy Caffey later. "If you don't make Baltimore respect the red dog, they'll check backs out of the backfield. We didn't want them putting that many receivers into the secondary. When you come at them, they have to keep backs in to block. That's what they had to do today and it worked out pretty well. It was just one of those days. We've had a hell of a lot of them this year. But I'll tell you one thing. We haven't played a team all season I thought was as good as we are. What was it General MacArthur said? We will return."

Willie Davis, the All-Pro Packer defensive end and captain, took the defeat and the end of the Packer championship string as bitterly as any of the players.

"This will be the first time since I started playing football I was on a team that finished worse than second," Willie said. "All year I've tried not to take the frustration and disappointment home with me or out on the streets with me. I smile and talk to people like nothing is wrong, but I don't know how I can stand the off season now with this to think about. I have to go home to Chicago and think it over for a long time. I've had a good career and maybe now is the time to call it quits. I don't want to just hang around and fill a uniform. The way I feel now I don't think I'll come back unless Coach Bengtson tells me he is in a bind and really needs me next year. I'd come back for him."

Ray Nitschke, who had his usual bristling afternoon at middle linebacker, said, "It's all in the game. We got to forget this year. We got to look ahead, not back."

The Packers obviously have much to look ahead to.

"We got only four games out of Bob Brown," said Dave Robinson, the big corner linebacker. "In one season he broke an arm and a leg. Weatherwax wrecked his knee and we didn't get one minute out of him and he's the biggest man on the squad. These were the guys we figured on to rest Henry Jordan and Ron Kostelnik and both of them played with injuries. We got a lot of good young ones and you can't figure us for all those injuries again. We'll be back."

If they should fail to recapture their Lombardi years, the problem will very likely be found at quarterback. Starr, when healthy, is still one of the most capable quarterbacks in football, but at 35 he has reached the age where injuries linger, and it would be foolhardy to expect him to grow sturdier in the seasons to come. Zeke Bratkowski, who has been a useful replacement for Starr, is 37 and ready to retire. The Packers will have to develop a good young quarterback and do it immediately if Bengtson is to duplicate the accomplishments of Lombardi.

Given the good young quarterback and health, the Packers may still have trouble dominating the league as they did from 1960 through 1967. The Colts, a nice blend of experience and youth, will be around for quite a while, and so will the Rams, 49ers, Vikings, Cowboys and Browns.

Baltimore, with the best defense since the 1963 Chicago Bears and the best No. 2 quarterback in the league, clinched the Coastal Division when the Bears upset the Rams on Sunday and now stands a very good chance of replacing Green Bay as both NFL and Super Bowl champion. Johnny Unitas did not get into the game against the Packers, but the week before, in the 44-0 rout of Atlanta, he played part of the second half, completed five of 10 passes and threw the ball with much of his old skill. Should Morrall falter, Unitas may be ready.

But it is that magnificent defense that has given the Colts impetus since their surprising loss to Cleveland on Oct. 20.

"We have played together so long now we react without thinking," said Jerry Logan, the Baltimore strong safety who limited the Green Bay tight ends to a total of one catch. Bengtson moved Boyd Dowler from spread end to tight end to beef up the Packer passing attack, but the move proved fruitless against the tenacious guarding of the Colt secondary.

"After you have been together as long as we have you know instinctively where your support is coming from and you know it is coming," Logan said. "We've got some good young ones, too. I know Mike Curtis has been a big help to me at linebacker. I think he's the best corner linebacker in the league right now and that makes my job a lot easier. And I know Bobby Boyd won't make any mistakes. That means I can take chances I wouldn't normally."

"There's no place for the other quarterback to go on third and eight," one Colt said with satisfaction. "Most clubs, you got someone you can pick on then, some guy you know you can beat. You save him for that third-and-eight call. But there isn't anyone to save on this club. They are all tough."

That's just the way it used to be with the old Packers. **END**

Unable to play because of bruised ribs, Quarterback Bart Starr (right) accepts postgame condolences of Baltimore's Billy Ray Smith.

COURT-MARTIAL FOR A GENERAL

Commissioner Bill Eckert announced his own sentence to the press, then stepped aside as baseball began searching for a new image **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**



Deposed Commissioner Eckert was never a baseball man

Frank Lane, at one time or another an employee of many of the owners in baseball, stood beneath a crystal chandelier in the lobby of the Sheraton-Palace Hotel in San Francisco last Friday morning and watched William Dole Eckert, the 59-year-old commissioner of baseball, as he walked briskly across the red-and-blue carpet Only five days previously Eckert had opened the 67th annual winter meetings by calling them "historic," and within the next hour they were finally to become so

There was a strange crackle in the air of the hotel lobby as baseball men gathered in whispering clumps and drew silent as reporters approached them. One floor above, major league owners had gathered for an unprecedented meeting, the purpose of which was known to few people, and they were not talking

In the lobby, though, Lane delivered himself of a weighty soliloquy. "You can't blame Eckert," he said "He tries hard, but he is involved in a game he doesn't know a damn thing about If you sent a watch to a plumber for repairs and it still didn't work you could find one of the biggest reasons why just by looking in the mirror "

For nearly a year rumors had been spreading that General Eckert was in serious trouble with the owners, who had given him a seven-year contract at $65,000 a year only 37 months ago But few people thought the trigger would be squeezed so fast on this short, hard-working, dull, gray-haired man who tried hard to deal with a game he knew so very little about. And nobody ever imagined that any commissioner in professional sports would have to deliver publicly the results of his own court-martial

Eckert announced that he was through in the most bizarre press conference in the history of a game that has had some dandies. He stood on a platform before a yellow curtain in the wood-paneled Comstock Room, dressed nattily, as always The men who only a few minutes before had conspired to oust Eckert were directly in front of him, and the second-floor room was completely filled with not only owners and newsmen but with managers, general managers, publicity men, scouts and farm directors, as well as all the fringe characters who collect around the game

Not one of the men who had hired Eckert originally or who had agreed to fire him had the courage to stand up and say, "Gentlemen, the commissioner has an important message." Instead, they sat at three long tables covered with green cloths and refused even to look at him. Walter O'Malley, the owner of the Los Angeles Dodgers, puffed on a cigar and took notes on a legal pad without ever looking up. Francis Dale, the president of the Cincinnati Reds and publisher of the *Enquirer*, who had drawn up the statement accepting Eckert's resignation, sat with his back to Eckert, who had been hired with the promise that he would have "full range of authority." M. Donald Grant of the New York Mets kept looking down at the fingernails he was cleaning. Upon completing his statement of "resignation," Eckert looked down at the owners and said sadly, hopefully, "Walter—Mr Dale." His voice trailed off

Dale walked to the rostrum and read a hand-written statement: "Lieut. General William D. Eckert has just delivered to the baseball owners his resignation as commissioner of baseball. . . . The general's statement that he feels that a bold and imaginative restructuring of baseball is needed and that a baseball man can more effectively do the job and plan for the future of the game is entirely consistent with the dedication he has displayed during his three years in office . . The owners have acceded to the general's wishes and have accepted his resignation. "

Once Dale finished, Eckert was called back for questions by the press Some of his answers were, "Under no sense whatsoever was I fired . . it would be presumptuous to recommend my successor some of the finest men I have come in contact with have been in baseball."

While Eckert answered the few questions put to him, O'Malley whispered to Jerry Hoffberger, owner of the Baltimore Orioles, "Get up and talk, you've got to get up and just talk." Chub Feeney, the vice-president of the San Fran-



Proposed successor Cannon knows score

eisco Giants, whispered to Hoffberger, "Cut him off, cut him off!" And John Quinn, the general manager of the Philadelphia Phillies, said, "They ought to get him off right now!"

Eckert's demise was fated from the start. Having been selected by committee, he entered baseball almost totally unknown to anyone outside of the U.S. Air Force. When the announcement of his appointment was made the morgue of *The New York Times* could find only one reference to him, and that was in a caption to a picture in which he was standing next to General Douglas MacArthur. "The dossier we got on him," said Grant, "was one of the most impressive I have ever seen. . . . This man's previous record, if you read it today, would qualify him for any job you could think of. He accomplished things during the last war and afterward that were astronomical in performance."

Almost immediately after taking office, Eckert's first public meeting with baseball people and the press turned into a fiasco. It happened at the Fontainebleu Hotel on Miami Beach in 1965, before a luncheon of managers, writers and columnists. Although by this time the title of The Unknown Soldier seemed to be a permanent attachment, there was a charitable disposition to wait and see.

At the luncheon, however, Eckert, who had been introduced by his then assistant, Lee MacPhail, reached into his pocket and produced some index cards on which he had written a few reminders. Unfortunately, he welcomed the baseball writers and managers by reading from the wrong set of notes. He thanked them for helping the airline industry so much and spoke of technological advances being made in aviation. Managers looked at writers and writers at managers, until finally MacPhail figured out what had gone wrong and went to the commissioner's aid. General Eckert was scheduled to give a speech that evening at a United Airlines cocktail party. It was not a brilliant beginning.

Baseball never seemed more disorganized than it did in 1968. When a rule was passed to clamp down on the spitball the American League decided it would do things its way, the National League another. After the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Senator Robert Kennedy, Eckert failed to render swift and forceful decisions as to whether major league teams should or should not go ahead and play. Because Joe Cronin, president of the American League, fired Umpires Al Salerno and Bill Valentine in the last three weeks of the season as "incompetent" after they had served for a total of 13 years, umpires from both leagues were within inches of striking just before the World Series. With no help from Eckert they decided to go ahead and work for "the good of the game."

The breaking straw was the threat of the Major League Players' Association, under its director, Marvin Miller, to strike before spring training unless the players got a larger share of the game's $50 million television contract. Angered, the owners went to a cocktail party and dinner on the next-to-last night of the winter meetings. The long subdued feeling toward Eckert surfaced, and some of the young owners and a few of the older ones decided to drop him—but easily, on a quarter of a million dollar cushion, his pay for the next four years. Among the owners were Bob Reynolds and Gene Autry of the California Angels, Hoffberger, Michael Burke of the New York Yankees, Grant, John Fetzer of the Detroit Tigers, Gabe Paul of the Cleveland Indians, John Galbreath of the Pittsburgh Pirates, O'Malley and Gussie Busch and Dick Meyer of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Following a joint meeting the next morning, the owners went to the Comstock Room, while Eckert went downstairs to conduct a stormy and confused press conference. That over, thankfully, Eckert was standing in the hotel lobby and thinking ahead to the next day when he would go down to visit his son, a student at UCLA, when suddenly Hoffberger moved quickly through the lobby and asked him to follow him upstairs. After a preliminary stop on another floor, Eckert was escorted into the Comstock Room and ouster. The entire business was accomplished in the only way, it seems, that baseball—the best friend pro football ever had—can do things. Clumsily.

The meaning of Eckert's firing is twofold. First, in trying to build yet another new image baseball will seek to establish an organization strong enough to prohibit owners and leagues from going off in different directions, but not so strong that the owners cannot control it. Second, it means that the reign of Walter O'Malley as the high priest of the game has ended. No longer will the influential group of young owners and club presidents that fired Eckert sit back and let O'Malley influence the major decisions merely because baseball is his prime source of income while to many of them it is only a hobby.

Within the next few weeks Hoffberger, a close friend of Bill Veeck, will go to work with Dick Meyer and try to find someone capable of putting the game's house back into some kind of order. While they are definitely looking for a man with baseball experience, they are not exactly juggling in the dark. Already Feeney and Burke have been given support in their own areas, but baseball today has 24 teams instead of the 16 it had only eight seasons ago. This time even the heavy-handed baseball owners seem to favor sending the watch to a watch repairman rather than a plumber.

Probably the best man available is Robert Cannon, a Circuit Court judge in Milwaukee who would take the job only if it contained the whip of authority. Cannon is 51 and knows everyone in baseball. While serving as legal adviser of the Players' Association he was able to accomplish things by dealing directly with the owners and the players.

The idea of having a judge in office has a good ring to it. Cannon has something else going for him. He watched closely the administrations of Ford Frick and William Eckert. What better way to learn from mistakes? **END**

TWO BANTAMS BUILD A CLASSIC

Australian champion Lionel Rose was the boxer, Mexican challenger Chucho Castillo was the slugger and the match was a beauty—fast, hard and close. The riot afterward was a disgraceful anticlimax

by MARTIN KANE

The day of the fight began with mildly unfavorable auspices when Lionel Rose, Australia's aborigine world bantamweight champion, stepped onto the California State Athletic Commission scales at the weigh-in and was announced as four ounces over the limit of 118 pounds. Rose solved the problem in an aboriginal way. He retired to a washroom and spat in a basin for about 10 minutes. When he and his manager, Jack Rennie, estimated that four ounces of spittle had been disposed of, they returned to the scales and, sure enough, the scales balanced at a precise 118 pounds.

The Australian's opponent in his second defense of the title, Jesus (Chucho) Castillo of Mexico, had no trouble coming in at a comfortable 117. But after that there was nothing but trouble. First there was the fight—a magnificent display of unrelenting aggressiveness on Castillo's part and superb defensive work by the pipe-smoking, dark-skinned, heavily bearded Rose. Almost every round was extremely close and difficult to judge, but Rose did win by a trifle. Then there was the riot, which turned Jack Kent Cooke's $16 million Forum into an ugly mess. Entire rows of seats were torn up and flung recklessly in the direction of the ring. Fires were set. Whiskey bottles were flung, spectators and officials were cut and bruised and, outside in the parking lot, automobiles were overturned, set afire and their windows smashed and tires slashed.

In normally peaceful Inglewood, a suburb of Los Angeles, no one had anticipated such a turn of events, and the number of local police available was inadequate to control the situation—though it would be hard to say what number would have been adequate. One policeman was set upon and beaten by disgruntled Mexicans. Long after midnight taxi companies refused to send cabs into the area and hundreds of abandoned fans wandered about in thick fog, vainly seeking transportation.

Chucho Castillo, risen suddenly to prominence as the leading contender for Rose's newly acquired title, proved himself worthy of his No. 1 position on the World Boxing Association's list of contenders, and the match itself was in the classical tradition of pitting a swarming slugger (Castillo) against a fine boxer (Rose). It made for a fascinating fight, filled with tension and suspense, for there was a question as to whether the 20-year-old Rose, a notoriously heavy smoker since he was 10, could go the 15-round distance without tiring badly. He did tire, but little more than Chucho, for there was plenty of action in every round.

There were some 15,000 spectators in the Forum seats, which had sold at a $30 top, and about 7,000 of these had come up from Mexico to see their beloved Chucho win the title. Others were from the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles. There was a sprinkling of Hollywood and television notables—Pat Harrington Jr., June Allyson, Budd Schulberg, Elia Kazan, Kirk Douglas. And there was a hardy little band of 20 blokes from Australia, who had made the long journey from down under because Lionel Rose, aborigine though he be, is a national hero of such proportions that Queen Elizabeth has made him a Member of the Order of the British Empire. The fight was, in fact, televised live to Australia by satellite, as it was to Mexico City, and on closed circuit to an overflow at Los Angeles' Shrine Auditorium. The lower-priced seats had long been sold out, and the crowd at the auditorium could not afford the more expensive tickets. So Promoter George Parnassus, a 73-year-old veteran of 50 years in boxing, consented to the closed-circuit arrangement, though he is not, in fact, partial to television coverage of his fights. "The TV people try to run the whole show," he explained.

The promoters did everything possible to soothe the fiercely chauvinistic Mexican crowd, members of which shot off firecrackers and danced about in sombreros of exaggerated size. Three national anthems—American, Australian and Mexican—were presented, and announcements were made in both Spanish and English. Rose, chewing gum, came into the ring wearing white nylon trunks with green stripes. Castillo's trunks were rather more elegant. They were made of black velvet, striped with red velour.

The first few rounds were given over to somewhat cautious sparring as the fighters sized each other up. But Rose did reveal a strong jab and extraordinary speed of foot, fading easily away from Castillo's rushes. Even so, the Mexican did land some good punches to the body, and in the dressing room afterwards Rose conceded that they had hurt.

By the fourth round it had become a full-fledged fight, and Rose took it on all cards, starting out with three rapid,

continued

In command, as he was through much of the fight, Rose protects himself from Castillo's hook to the body and prepares to counterpunch




CASTILLA



flashing jabs in a row. Then he blocked Castillo's hook off the jab and revealed a defense against punches to the head greatly reminiscent of Archie Moore. He would hold his right arm horizontally across his face just below the eyes. It is a defense seldom seen nowadays, although it can be found in pictures of fights from the bare-knuckle days, and it seemed to baffle Chucho.

In the fifth, Rose landed the first truly sharp punch of the bout, a smashing hook to the head, and it angered Chucho, who closed with a good flurry, and was answered in kind. He pressed constantly but, with Rose in skillful retreat, missed a lot, too.

At the start of the sixth the Mexicans began to cheer in organized football fashion for their hero, who responded with a slashing attack but was countered rather easily by Rose. In this round Rose went to the canvas for the first time, but Referee Dick Young did not call it a knockdown. Rose had slipped from the momentum of a tremendously hard punch that missed.

The next few rounds were filled with action, but of an indecisive sort. It was the 10th round that persuaded the Mexican contingent that their boy was a winner. It was, indeed, Castillo's finest round. He began with a good right to the head, which Rose countered nicely with a left and right. Then Chucho hooked to the head, threw a left and right to the head and forced Rose into some defensive jabbing. Rose was staggered by a one-two combination, and Chucho saw his opportunity. He threw a now-or-never right to the head, shook off Rose's counter, ignored a hook and a jab and crashed home a long roundhouse right that sent Rose to the canvas and the crowd into bedlam.

Rose was up at the count of four, coolly considering his opponent, who was crouched, snarling like a frustrated wildcat, in a neutral corner. Rose has been knocked down before and has risen to win, and it was clear from his expression that he was by no means dismayed this time. As Young tolled off the mandatory eight-count Chucho was unable to contain himself and charged out of his corner before the count was finished. The referee waved him back, and that gained Rose a few more precious seconds in which to clear his head and consider the situation.

That 10th round was easily the most important of the fight from a scoring standpoint. Under New York scoring rules, Chucho would merely have won the round, with extra points for the knockdown considered only if the fight ended in a draw by rounds. In the California point system a fighter may be awarded anywhere from zero to five points in a round, though it is conceded that if he gets five points the bout should be stopped to save his opponent from further punishment. In this case all three officials gave Chucho two points, though the newspaper sports columnist who originated the system, Morton Moss, gave three, pointing out that the Mexican had dominated the entire round, aside from the knockdown.

At any rate Chucho won that one big, and every Mexican in the arena remembered it big, too, when the final score was announced. The aborigine slipped once again, in the 12th, from the force of a right-hand lead, an awkwardness to which, for all his superior boxing ability, he is prone. Rose won the 14th handily; the 15th was won, though by a slim margin, by Castillo, a fact which built up even more pressure in the Mexican contingent. And, though both men were clearly tired, Rose was more obviously a weary little fighter.

Before announcement of the result, some spectators who remembered previous riots in the Los Angeles area involving unsuccessful Mexican fighters moved toward the exits in order to fade swiftly away as soon as the verdict was given. They were wise. Young's vote for Castillo was given last and was all but lost in the uproar that followed the disclosure that the two judges had voted for the aborigine. The crowd took it as an ungracious act.

"Nahsty bahstids, aren't they?" an Australian sportswriter observed after a whiskey bottle had whistled past his head. As a police escort led him from ring to dressing room, Rose was missed by fractions of an inch. Later, puffing his pipe in his dressing room and nursing hands too sore to be shaken in congratulation, the aborigine observed: "If that bottle had hit me it would have taken my head off." Referee Young, the only official who voted for Castillo, was hit above his right temple by a flung bottle and arrived at the dressing room with blood spurting through his graying hair and spattering his shirt. Several policemen and a fireman were struck by flying debris.

It was a wild night at the Forum, and a succession of such riots over the years has now made it very doubtful that Mexican fighters of importance will be invited soon to show their talents in a big fight show. It is too bad, from their standpoint, because the huge *Yanqui* purse is just not available in Mexico, where a law limits the prices that may be charged for admission. Castillo's guarantee for this match was $20,000, the most he ever has made or likely will. Rose was guaranteed $75,000, and that, said Promoter Parnassus, is the most ever paid for a bantamweight fight. Even so, Jack Rennie, Rose's manager, will think twice before bringing the fascinating aborigine back to Los Angeles. Rennie was cut on elbow and hand when he slipped into broken glass while trying to avoid a missile.

"If we fight here again," he said, "we want more police protection."

But to what extent "more" police protection can handle an infuriated mob like that which took over the Forum is debatable. Guns and Mace will not do it without creating a stir that would kill boxing in California. A disheartened George Parnassus, a sentimental sort of man, wept at the disgraceful way in which what may have been his finest promotion was tarnished. Jack Kent Cooke grimly supervised the cleaning up of his arena for the next night's hockey game. Chucho went back to Mexico and may not be seen in these parts again, his career ruined by the excesses of his countrymen.

The winner, overall, was Lionel Rose, not just in the ring but in the hearts of those who saw his brilliant boxing performance and heard his gentlemanly words of praise for the very good man he had beaten. (Chucho had all but called Rose a coward because he would not stand still to get hit.) An aborigine, Lionel Rose has established, is not necessarily a Stone Age man. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG

Down in the 10th, Rose was up at the count of four, not seriously hurt. After the decision he recovered a sombrero tossed into the ring.

SAD DEBUT IN A STATELY DOME

Notre Dame inaugurated its new court with visions of a mighty upset. For a while the Irish appeared to be on their way, but UCLA and Lew Alcindor settled down and played like the champions they always are **by JOE JARES**

Notre Dame's old field house, parts of which were built before 1899, is still standing, or perhaps teetering is a better word. It is a gloomy eyesore that looks, from the inside, like an abandoned World War I blimp hangar. No self-respecting rodent would want to infest the place. For years Fighting Irish basketball teams played their home games on a portable floor at one end while 3,200 students crowded around and did their best hyena imitations, often with loud musical accompaniment.

Demolition can start any day now, because Notre Dame has a new $8.6 million double-domed sports palace that is so handsome it is featured on the cover of the current South Bend telephone directory. It is a big, cheerful place with, among other things, eight handball courts, a hockey rink, a track, tennis courts and a basketball floor surrounded —but not too closely— by comfy theater seats of gold, blue, purple, brown, red-orange and green.

Cleverly, Notre Dame Coach Johnny Dee assembled what is potentially the school's finest basketball team for the first season under the south dome. Dee is a lawyer who has been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court, but his most persuasive arguments in Washington, D.C. have been before high school hotshots. Three of his starters, including senior All-America candidate Bob Whitmore and a fabled sophomore guard named Austin Carr, are from that talent-rich city. One preseason forecaster got so swept up in the double-dome excitement that he picked Notre Dame No. 1 in the nation over UCLA.

All of which made it extra interesting when the Irish launched their home season last Saturday night against that very same UCLA and its awesome center, Lew Alcindor. Well, Whitmore and Carr were terrific, as advertised, and Notre Dame was good— very good— but the Bruins won the inauguration game 88–75 and convinced a lot of spectators that if there was a team anywhere near South Bend capable of stopping them it would have to be the Chicago Bulls.

It also should be reported that the Notre Dame student body yelled just as loudly, and sometimes as obscenely, as in the old hangar but with less effect on the sanity of the visiting team and referees. For all the vituperation, there was less reverberation. As further evidence of change in South Bend, 101 newsmen plus national television and seven radio stations covered the opener, more than were at either the Pitt or Georgia Tech football games this fall. The crash you just heard was Knute Rockne's picture falling off the wall.

Johnny Dee took over the coaching job for the 1964-65 season and had a rough couple of years. The bottom was a miserable 5-21 record in 1965-66, after which he said, "I've had some pretty successful times—19, 16, 12, 10 victories in a row— but I've never gone through anything like this before. Sometimes I just sit back, look at my law degree and reflect on how easy it would be in back of a desk."

Dee's game plan for UCLA was daring. Besides being a coach and an attorney, he is a budding magnate in sporting goods and he has his athletes racing around in Johnny Dee MVP socks and Johnny Dee MVP shoes, flipping basketballs through Johnny Dee MVP nets. They do it all so well that he decided to a) run with the Bruins and b) defend against them man-to-man, with 6′ 8″ sophomore Sid Catlett (from Washington, D.C., naturally) guarding Alcindor, an awful thing to ask of a fellow in his second varsity game, particularly one who did not play as a freshman.

Dee was not completely out of his mind. The Irish were beaten by 51 points at UCLA last season, the most lopsided defeat in the school's history, so why not change strategy? And he thought his team was as good or better in four positions, so why not give Alcindor his points, outplay the other four guys and, maybe, start life under the dome with a startling upset?

For UCLA Coach John Wooden, seeking his fifth NCAA championship and third in a row, it was a bit of homecoming. He coached Central High in South Bend for nine years and was familiar with the old field house from his coaching days at Indiana State and before. He has a couple of theories, too. One is that nobody can stop Alcindor,



Notre Dame's sparkling new arena fans out

man-to-man, without a stepladder and the other is that "we can just beat anybody who'll run with us." A capacity crowd of nearly 12,000 people was there to see what happened and Dee was so stoked up he said, "I'd give ten thousand dollars just to play 10 minutes."

Notre Dame won the tip and Bob Whitmore, guarded not very closely by Alcindor, hit a jump shot and the Irish were not to give up the lead again for 18 minutes. That glorious period must have brought back fond memories for both Whitmore and Catlett, who played on the DeMatha High team that beat Alcindor's Power Memorial Academy in the University of Maryland field house almost four years ago. Alcindor and his New York buddies had won 71 straight. That night Whitmore played in front of the giant and Catlett behind and Lew Alcindor made only 16 points.

Saturday night it was Catlett by himself, with Whitmore coming over to help if Alcindor received a pass near the hoop. The strategy was of no help. Alcindor, never shooting more than arm's length from the basket, scored 20 points in the first half. Still, the Irish, led by Whitmore and Carr, stayed ahead and led by as much as nine points. Then, as Carr admitted later, Notre Dame relaxed too much.

"We blew it," he said. "We had 'em. A couple of bad passes and we blew it. We should have gone into the locker room at the half winning by 10. You just start to relax. Instead of concentrating on what you're doing, you start freewheeling."

Certainly that happened, but UCLA was substituting often and Notre Dame was not and UCLA's press started working near the end of the half. Whereas Notre Dame had been zipping through it occasionally for some fast-break baskets, the Bruins began intercepting a few passes and zipping back the other way. And always UCLA kept its poise, shot well and lofted the ball in to Alcindor ("You just look and think they're throwing the ball up to the ceiling," said Whitmore, who is 6' 7", "and actually it's to him").

With slightly less than two minutes left in the half, Don Saffer's layup put UCLA ahead 41–40 and from that point to the buzzer the Bruins outscored Notre Dame eight to four. They left the court with a five-point lead.

UCLA came back out and proceeded to break open the game for good, holding Notre Dame to one field goal in the

continued





behind one of UCLA's latest stars, 6' 8" Sidney Wicks, who with Lew Alcindor (right, outmaneuvering Bob Whitmore) overmatched the Irish

first five minutes of the second half while hitting six. When the Bruins got the lead up to 19 with 5:13 left, Wooden took Alcindor out shortly after. He finished with 29 points.

Judging from performances in this game, UCLA's future opponents have quite a catalog of horrors to study. Alcindor is as good or better than ever, despite the fact that the last time he faced a man-to-man defense for any length of time (Washington State when he was a sophomore), he scored 61 points. Sophomore Forwards Curtis Rowe and Sidney Wicks are tough rebounders and potentially high scorers.

The Bruin guards were not supposed to be much, yet even with Wooden's best backcourt man, John Vallely, out because of the Hong Kong flu, UCLA did quite well. Terry Schofield, a little-known red shirt last season, came off the bench to score 14 points and take eight rebounds, only one fewer than Alcindor. Saffer and Ken Heitz also looked good. Even in the old gym these guys would be no fun.

Whitmore and Carr scored 27 and 26 points, but senior Forward Bob Arnzen, who has averaged 21 points for two straight years, managed only nine against UCLA. He was bothered by an injured Achilles' tendon but apparently did not feel that was excuse enough and came into the plush Irish locker room with tears in his eyes.

Dee placed most of the blame for the loss on poor shooting. Notre Dame put the ball through the MVP nets on only 39% of its shots. UCLA, thanks in part to 14 short-range jumps and hooks by Alcindor, hit 55%.

"If somebody had told me we were going to get 18 more shots than they were, four more rebounds and Alcindor was only going to get 18 shots," said Dee, "I would have got together everything I own and bet that we were going to win."

"No doubt they're a great team," said Austin Carr, "but they can be had. The season has just started. From now on each one of our games is a stepping stone to get back."

GREAT SCOTT! AND A WEALTH OF CAROLINA BLUE

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

All of the roles you have ever seen Sidney Poitier play on the screen, the Guess Who's Coming ones, are filled by Charles Scott on a basketball court. Outside, weaving through the lanes, he is smooth and silken. Guess Who's Coming to the Convent, sisters. In tight, high on the boards, muscling, he is strength and power—Guess Who's Busting out of Prison, warden. In an era of wholesale transition and against a backdrop of an otherwise all-white atmosphere, young Charles has taken Southern basketball as old Sidney took the movies, quietly at first, delicately, and now by storm.

Last year he hided his time with uneven play at North Carolina while a teammate, Larry Miller, closed out his own fine career as the Tar Heels' bellwether, this season it is a different game. Scott is newly married, bejeweled with Olympic gold and a national sports hero of some magnitude. He is the first black man to play varsity basketball for his school and, black or white, most likely the best, too. Now, in the heat of any game night, he has become, as Poitier in another medium before him, the mainstay, the catalyst of the performance, the man. Scott carries the Tar Heels as surely as any player before him, and last Saturday night in Lexington he carried them right past Kentucky and onward to a level of play that, surprisingly, seems already above that of the North Carolina NCAA second-place team of last season.

Against Kentucky Scott was a darting, drifting patch of blue, Carolina blue, in every aspect of the game as his team ran away from the Wildcats 87–77 in a matchup that, after the first five minutes of the second half, was nowhere near that close. Only through the opening 10 minutes did Kentucky seem equal to the task, and even then the visitors' big men—Rusty Clark, Bill Bunting and a sparkling rookie, 6′ 10″ Lee Dedmon—were asserting superiority off the boards while Scott led the defense and fed the fast break. By the end of the night men from the Blue Grass were happy that the Cats "got the score down to respectability."

Like horses and bourbon, basketball cannot be overexposed in Kentucky. One local TV station delayed its tape of the game, then showed it right after the live broadcast of the UCLA-Notre Dame contest as part of a video "Poll Bowl" doubleheader featuring the first and fourth ranked teams, according to the wire services, and the second and third.

The high ranking of both Southern teams added luster to a series that in recent years has come to be somewhat of a grudge pairing. Of the four major schools that have a winning edge against Kentucky, North Carolina, 7-4 going into Saturday's game, was the most impressive. The second-ranked Tar Heels, in fact, had won the last three games, and Dean Smith, the bright young Carolina coach, was personally 4-1 against Adolph Rupp. Interestingly enough, both men played at the knees of Phog Allen of Kansas, Rupp in 1923, Smith in 1953; the disparity in the results seemed to indicate that, in 30 years, old Phog may have taught some new tricks.

North Carolina's victory in Lexington two years ago, achieved by the sophomores who are now such highly rated seniors, was the landmark from which the Tar Heels went on to later successes in conference competition and the NCAA playoffs. They did not seem intimidated by Kentucky's home grounds. "This is bigger than being second in the polls," said Clark upon arriving in Lexington. "This is between two sections — which one plays better basketball. We could come in here down and out and still fight like hell to beat Kentucky."

For their part, the No. 3 Wildcats were aching to get at North Carolina. Stung by newspaper reports that exaggerated their weaknesses, they remembered last year when they lost at Greensboro in a game they thought they gave away through immaturity and mistakes. "They've beaten us close the last two years," said Phil Argento, Kentucky's only senior. "We think we should have won both, and we've been waiting. I thought we'd get Carolina in the NCAA last March, but it didn't work out. Well, here they are, and we're ready."

Old Master Rupp was outwardly unmoved by the talk of retaliation. It was obvious that his unquenchable ego

continued



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had been burned by North Carolina.

"Adolph's really worried about this one," went the word around town. "Scared, he's scared." For three days prior to the game Rupp praised the opponent, giving himself only ghost chances to win and, as is his wont, erecting a pedestal for the enemy off the court before burning him on it. "People are going to see a much weaker Kentucky team than they thought they'd see," he would say, swaying his magnificent scowl from side to side. "We're outsized at every position, we're immature and we can't handle the press. Our boys panicked at Miami of Ohio and North Carolina saw that."

Rupp moans a lot—the better to sneak up on you and win nearly 800 games—but his problems were not entirely illusory. Mike Pratt, a 6′ 4″ bear up front who may be Kentucky's best all-round player, shattered the ring finger of his left (nonshooting) hand 12 days before the season opened and had not even dressed for Kentucky's first two games.

"A week before Mike's injury we were coming so well I thought it would be like '66," said Assistant Coach Joe Hall, who does not moan. "We had all that ability, and pride, too. Then the whole organization digressed." Since Kentucky is weak in the other corner, where Larry Steele is skinny and inexperienced, Rupp moved his star shooter, Mike Casey, to a forward and played red-shirt Terry Mills in backcourt opposite Argento. Though Steele gave Kentucky a good first game, he died against Miami, Rupp tried four different men at the position and got a total of seven points and five rebounds. Against the press the Wildcats blew most of a 20-point lead, seeing it shrink to two before Casey bailed them out to win the game in the last minute. Rupp *was* concerned.

At those infamous closed practices, barred to visitors by the type of iron gates Ivanhoe used to have a tough time cracking, the Baron was furious and calm at the same time.

"Do you know where we were in Ohio?" he asked a young charge the day after the Miami game. "Yes, sir. Oxford, sir," said the charge. "Well, now, that's real nice, son," said Rupp, tiny rivulets of sarcasm dripping to the floor, "because you didn't know where in the world you were last night. Pratt here can play better one-handed than the rest of you put together."



Charlee Scott, who plagued Kentucky all over the court, drives in for easy layup.

It was probably right then that Rupp decided he had to have his one-handed man for North Carolina. The coach kept denying that Pratt would see much action, but in practice Pratt worked hard and showed few ill effects of the injury. Still, North Carolina looked to be the more solid team, mostly because of its size and Scott. "They're even better than last year," said Hall, "and it's Scott who does it. He shoots, he feeds, he goes everywhere for his points and he gives them defense. Really, it is impossible to stop him."

While Kentucky hoped to block off Scott's cutting lanes and to hold North Carolina down on the boards, the Tar Heels' needs were more general. Their past successes had come in forcing Kentucky out of its well-established patterns and in denying second shots. Smith uses combinations of zone and man-to-man presses, both half-court and full. He wanted to make Kentucky free lance on offense and to keep 6′ 8½″ Dan Issel away from rebounds on defense, where he is quick to release and start the break. The Wildcats, on the other hand, could not match up well defensively because of Scott, and they were afraid their 1-3-1 trap zone would permit the Carolina big men too many shots underneath.

Pratt did start and played most of the game with Casey in the other corner; Rupp's backcourt, however, was badly outplayed. Early on, Carolina hurt the zone by hitting easy shots in close. Casey, meanwhile, was throttled by Scott on defense. The Tar Heel guards, Dick Gruber and Ed Fogler, were harassing the Kentucky backcourt men and the latter could not find Casey. Mysteriously, North Carolina then switched defenses, and Casey tore apart the zone press, hitting 10 of his game-leading 26 points in the last six minutes to bring Kentucky to within four points at half time.

At the outset of the second period, however, Scott scored two quick baskets, and North Carolina fired out to a 12-point lead. The Tar Heels seemed to pick up overmatched fast breaks at will as Kentucky was caught with its guards crashing the boards and nobody else back. Rupp went to a man-to-man—and got some movement on offense with sophomore Greg Starrick—but Fogler guided the Tar Heel 1-4 offense right through the Wildcats, and the spread was carried to a staggering 19 points with seven minutes left. Issel, who had tired noticeably and was not a factor, got a second wind, but it was too late.

When it was over, Carolina had won the rebounds 45-34 (Clark had 16, Scott 9) and had shot 54%. Scott scored a modest 19 points but was responsible for countless more; one scouting report of the Tar Heels had said, "Keep them outside." What it meant was keep Charles Scott and the North Carolina team outside the gym. **END**



PRO FOOTBALL ON A SHOESTRING

Let us pause to consider West Virginia, Appalachia's Vale of Kashmir, where washing machines still grace the porches of the Architecture Anonymous houses and junk jalopies still garnish the gardens. West Virginia is Mona's Lunch, the best restaurant in Greenwood. Mona's Lunch is the front rooms of a tongue-and-groove bungalow. Its decor is flowered wallpaper covered with Saran Wrap and No Swearing signs, its menu is creamed beef on biscuits and its clientele runs to aging permanent-waved ladies in garish pants, singing along and dancing to jukebox country and western.

Let us consider Wheeling, its wealthiest city. Wheeling has so much more to offer than it gets credit for. Where but in Greater Wheeling could you find the World's Tallest Smokestack? ("A Landmark," the *Wheeling News-Register* correctly describes it under a front-page picture of the region's civic monument, "322 feet taller than the Eiffel Tower.") Where but in Wheeling, and the whole lush Ohio Valley, would you find such a lavish per capita production of steel, chemicals, strip-mined coal, cement dust, smog and slag? Where but in Wheeling would you find the smallest city in the nation to support a professional football team? Where but in Wheeling could you find the Ohio Valley Ironmen of the Continental Football League?

Wheeling, clearly, is just the sort of place to clasp a minor league pro football team called the Ironmen to its rusty tin heart. And Wheeling does love its Ironmen, no mistake about that. The Ironmen have had two leagues dissolve around them and have survived a two-season-long, 18-game losing streak and, one year, rain in five of seven home dates. Yet they live on, the only minor league team in the country to have persevered in the same city under the same ownership for as long as six years.

The Ironmen are representative of the whole Continental League, football on the wrong side of the tracks. To avoid the competition of high school, college and major league football, the season begins in August and ends in November. For the same reason, most games are held Sunday evenings. The Ironmen play at the south end of Wheeling Island, formerly the swellest place in town, now a respectable residential area where beer joints are making incursions. They use a high school stadium, and the terms of their tenancy establish their status. The Ohio Valley Professional Athletic Association, Inc. rents Wheeling Island Stadium for $350 per season, and it is welcome to the premises anytime the high schools aren't either playing or practicing.

Yet the Ironmen represent more than professional penury. In their own way they are the Packers in Green Bay, a breath of the big time in a small city, a wellspring of civic chauvinism. Quarterback Ed Chlebek makes about $74,000 less than Bart Starr, but when he walks down Main Street or Market Street in Wheeling heads turn and hands shoot out. There are friendly shouts. In the space of one block, team Publicity Man Dave Cochran—a young Irishman happy to get back to Wheeling after Air Force hitches in Mountain Home, Idaho and Thule, Greenland—can yell greetings into a men's store where Running Back Clyde Thomas works, point out Halfback John Sykes and his pig-tailed daughters, shake hands with club Vice-President Harry Robbin and bump into Coach Lou Blumling. Expressing skepticism about the Ironmen can get you thrown out of the Embassy Restaurant or punched at Kelly Mike's Sports Center in nearby Martins Ferry. More than a thousand fans attended one preseason training session up at West Liberty (a former NFL camp), and 500 once stood through a cold drenching rain to watch another. More than 950 Ohio Valleyans own one or more shares of Ironmen stock. When it looked as if the Ironmen would fold two years ago, whole families came to the club's basement headquarters in tears, and little kids brought in piggy banks.



Wheeling loves its Ironman of the Continental League, but love isn't money, so the team must make do with a subterranean office and a field borrowed from local high schools ***by HAROLD PETERSON***

"Pride of ownership is what does it," says Mike Valan, an industrial painting contractor who is president of the football club and who doubles as general manager to save it one salary. "There are a lot of people who are proud of living in this valley. We think we've got the nicest place in the world to live. Hell, we don't think it, we know it.

"I think we serve a need. You can get anything you want in Pittsburgh, and it's only 60 miles away. But if the average millworker wants to take his wife and family to Pittsburgh to see a Steeler game, he has to pay for gas, restaurant and maybe even motel. That runs into big money. He can get his thrills here a lot cheaper."

But sense of ownership can sometimes get out of hand. "I get crazy phone calls at all times of night," Valan complains. "And letters. There are always diagrams of plays we ought to use, and I suspect we should've fired at least 15,000 coaches. I was even attacked by a woman once. She came out of the stands, ripped my shirt and clawed me."

The Ironmen, as is true of all Continental League teams, work on a poor man's budget. The league allows a maximum salary of $200 per game per player, the total of the entire team's salaries not to exceed $5,000 per game. Last year Wheeling's budget was $270,000, and the team lost $90,000.

"It's always tight," Valan says. "You have to remember you're minor league and not get caught up in big-city dreams about a third major league and television contracts with a fourth network. This year we tried to be realistic and get along with $175,000, which we cannot. But we do have our first chance to break even this season. When I say break even, I mean lose only a few thousand bucks. That's breaking even."

The Coach of the Ironmen, Lou Blumling, is a stubby, amiable, gravelly-voiced Dutchman who joined the team as a scout in 1962 after a career as a 150-pound scatback for West Liberty State College and as a coach in local high schools. He is paid $10,000 a year and is convinced that Continental League football is just a shade below the two big leagues.

"If you talk to the real pro fan," Blumling says, "he'll tell you this is great football to watch for excitement. And we feel we hit just as hard as they do upstairs. This is just one very short step below the big time. We get big college stars, All-Americas even, who can't make it. I can go through this NFL roster and find players on every page who got their chance here. We look at the Super Bowl last year and find two of ours who used to play for $150, Bob Brown of Green Bay and Andy Rice of Kansas City."

The Ironmen, Blumling says, fly like the big-time teams. They use the same plane the Chicago White Sox use. They stay in Holiday Inns and they eat the same meals, even if they do go home right after the game to save money.

But there are differences, too. The Ironmen don't have fancy equipment—no Exer-Genies, no diathermy machines. Just one seven-man blocking sled and a couple of dummies. Worse, they suffer from a severe lack of time. Most weeks the tiny coaching staff—four men, as opposed to, say, Green Bay's 10—has only Tuesday through Thursday, 1½ hours per night, to work with the players. Even if the high schools happen not to play on Friday, they aren't particularly anxious to see the Ironmen use the facilities. "This week was Homecoming," Blumling sympathized recently, "and they sure didn't want us messing up their field."

Anyway, five Ironmen players are high school coaches and can't practice on Friday. One player commutes all the way from Uniontown, Pa. (70 miles), four from Pittsburgh and two from Columbus. Many of the others have to get up early to work. Defensive Tackle Joe Pabian, for example, shovels hot asphalt all day, starting at 7:30 a.m. (Even on Monday mornings. After one game of notorious memory

continued

the Ironmen didn't get back to Wheeling until 6:10 a.m.)

"Suppose we tried to keep them here two, three hours a day," Blumling says. "Here's a kid who has to drive 70 miles home, then get up to go to work. It's a little difficult putting demands on a kid making $150 a week. It's easy for him to say, for this money I'm not going to put up with this. I'm not going to work my tail off."

Quarterback-Coach Chlebek agrees. "Where Vince Lombardi can say, 'Be here at 6,' Lou has to finesse his way around." In addition to the handicaps that come with the franchise, the Ironmen voluntarily assume another. Unlike the league teams such as the Norfolk Neptunes and the Orlando Panthers, which stock up with veterans and thereby remain consistent powers, the Ironmen try to use youngsters still on their way up. Sometimes this hurts them.



THE IRONMEN HANG THEIR CLOTHES ON HOOKS AND MUST SHOWER IN THE SAME ROOM

"Jerry Marion, our starting flanker, was called up by Pittsburgh last year," Blumling says. "That didn't help us, but they had to have him, and we're not going to hold a kid down when he can go up and make a better living.

"But if we have a man hurt, where do *we* go to get a replacement? We have a 35-man maximum this year, but last season it was 30. That's barely one full team, not allowing for injuries."

Players aren't so all-fired easy to get at the beginning of the year, either. Blumling starts out by writing almost every college in the football guide for lists of players they think might be able to play pro football. He sends each man a questionnaire. He scouts. He pores over the NFL and AFL drafts, sending a letter to just about everybody but Leroy and Orange Juice. The letters are humble. They say, approximately, "If your other prospects somehow don't work out, we're still interested."

"We have a tough time here in Wheeling," he admits. "Take a kid who lives in California who gets an offer from Wheeling, W. Va. He's never *heard* of Wheeling. Put yourself in his place. Do you go to Wheeling or do you go to Orlando, which you've at least heard of?"

Blumling is too much a native son to consider the possibility that the hypothetical prospect from Yorba Linda, Calif. might have heard some *bad* things about Wheeling or that he might just possibly not like it once he saw it, although he does parenthesize something to the effect that "a lot of great ones leave here and play somewhere else."

"Frankly, I wondered what I was getting into," remembers George Demko, one of the original Ironmen and now offensive line coach. "I brought my girl down, and she said, 'George, I just don't know.'"

"Coming into Wheeling, at first, I didn't get a fair evaluation of the city," Chlebek says in a delicately oblique reference to the strip mines and slag dumps. "The coal and all, you know. And it doesn't have those beaches like Orlando. Orlando had 25 fullbacks to pick from this year. If we have three or four we're fortunate. It's difficult for Coach Blumling. But he can tell them we've sent more players to major teams than anyone else, and that's a big, big selling point. And the people here are really friendly. It's a good place to live."

Darryl Lesser, 23, 240-pound starting offensive tackle from Washburn University, is a good case in point. Darryl first tried out for a Canadian team on the word that there would be only 25 Americans in camp. (The league quota is 13 per team.) When he arrived he found 35 American rookies alone, and the veterans hadn't even checked in yet. Lesser played very well in the first intrasquad game. The next day he was cut.

"Man, I was down," he remembers. "I was determined to go back to Topeka and help out my father in his business. I felt I had kind of let my brother down. He had been working for my father all the while I'd been in college. When Lou Blumling called, I didn't want to come to Wheeling at all. It had been hard enough to face people in Topeka after getting cut in Canada. It would have been even worse not making the Ironmen.

"Then, when I flew in here and saw it, I *tell* you. Besides, there wasn't anybody to meet me at the airport like they said there would. There wasn't hardly anybody to even *run* the airport. I called Coach Snyder [Bob Snyder, Blumling's predecessor], and he said to 'hop on the next limousine when it came out' in a couple of hours or so. Finally, I got a ride. When I came down that one stretch of road, I thought, 'This is *it*?' All that coal and industry. It wasn't like Kansas."

"When I got to Coach Blumling and the others," Lesser adds, however, "people couldn't have been nicer. People with the team have been great to us."

Part of the reason is that Lesser, like other young Ironmen, is dedicated to his work. When he got married, he picked the day carefully. "It had to be a Monday," he says, "because that's the only day we don't have practice or a game coming up." Right after a game Lesser and his parents drove 500 miles in con-

continued

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tinuous rain to Stamford, Texas. An hour before the wedding Darryl was still getting licenses and shots for flu. "I missed Tuesday practice," he admits. "I apologized to the coach."

Jim Cunningham, a veteran of three years in the NFL with the Redskins, the Ironmen's entire reinforcement corps at all three linebacker positions, is another case. "We drove through Wheeling once when I was still with Washington and saw signs for the Ironmen," he says. "My wife said, 'This'll probably be your next stop.' I said, 'If I have to come down here, I might as well be in my grave.'

"Well, they opened up my eyes real quick. The only thing these boys lack is timing. They may actually hit harder in this league because they want to make a name for themselves.

"It's a big change from the NFL in another way. There we might go over 130 plays for each game, maybe 12 different audibles. Here they just don't have the time. I have to commute from Uniontown, so I only practice one day a week—Thursday, defense night."

Unlike his players, Lou Blumling devotes seven days a week to his job. During the season Blumling has time to get a haircut only because there is a barbershop right next door to his subterranean office. When he gets a minute, he pounds on the wall. If a chair is open, the barbers pound back. He recruits continually the rest of the year. Ballplayers call him in the middle of the night. He studies game films, keeps index cards on opposing players and makes game plans. He also speaks to underwriters, undertakers, Knights of Columbus, Lions, Rotarians, Dapper Dans, blind groups and church groups. Like as not he will end with a plea for jobs "to keep our football players happy."

As antidote to all this work Blumling has two relaxations. On Fridays, as often as he can, he takes his wife out dancing. This is for her benefit. And on Monday evenings he takes an hour out to bowl. Sometimes football pursues him even there. "I almost had a 300 one night," Lou says. "I had just rolled strikes the first nine frames when some Ironman fan comes up. He says, 'What's the matter with your defensive secondary anyway?' I was so mad I couldn't even see the pins."

"Before I married him, Lou sat me down and carefully explained what a coach's life is like," Mary Blumling says. She smiles wryly. "He was right," she says. But she is intensely proud and intensely loyal, and so are her children. Predecessor Bob Snyder once mock-threateningly told Blumling's boys that if the Ironmen lost their next game he would make their father, who was then defensive coach, eat the ball. One piped up, "*You're* the head coach."

Well before 6 p.m. on a typical Sunday, having most likely watched the Steelers on television a few hours before, the Ironmen begin arriving at their own dressing room, a poor place of peeling yellow paint underneath the cast stands. You can call it a locker room, but there are no lockers: clothing and equipment are hung on nails and strewn on battleship-gray benches. The showers are in the same room, and the warm water vapor and naked bodies after a game give the scene a Dante's *Inferno* quality.

As the team trots onto the field to warm up, the Magnolia High School Blue Eagles Marching Band of New Martinsville, or some other aggregation, strikes up the strains of some appropriate tune, such as *On, Wisconsin*. Somewhere in the stands a lone banner may read, SOCK IT TO 'EM, IRONMEN. Some one of the seven or eight thousand spectators may wave a placard.

A very respectable number of boys will beg the Ironmen for autographs as they file back into the shabby dressing room. Fighting the acoustics, Blumling calls the men together for a last exhortation. (The room sounds the way it looks, which is like the inside of a cave.) A minute of silent prayer, and then the team runs onto the field again for introductions. The captains meet, the game is on.

It will be a crashing and bruising affair, on the ball and away from it. The passes are accurate and the receivers' patterns complex. The jargon on the sideline is fully worthy of the NFL.

In the beery milieu of the Downs Club, where some Ironmen gather after home games, thoughts, if not talk, are directed to the next big-league tryout camps. An NFL scout—perhaps Jim Garrett of the Dallas Cowboys, himself a former CFL coach—will have been present and that is good news. Now they have been seen, their performances judged and they will be going to camp with a little bit of a rep. That is a little bit more than they had had before.

Big-league coaches are sometimes grown on farms, too. On a recent Monday evening Blumling was sitting over a beer in the kitchen of his old two-story frame house in the industrial suburb of Bellaire, Ohio when he was asked whether he, too, would like to "get a shot." (Lou's associates often hint that some year he may coach a team whose name's reference is to some industry other than iron—like steel, for example, or oil or even meat-packing.)

He is eager to answer in one word. "Definitely," he says, and the hunger shows. Then caution or modesty emerges. "In some capacity," he says.

"It's not that I'm anxious to be a big man. Even here, Mike Valan goes up to the country club, and that's fine for him. His friends are up there. I stay down here where I belong. I don't try to rise above my class.

"The main reason I want to make the big time is my wife. I'd like to give her some of the things she's done without. In the past four years, if my wife had been the type to be a complainer or want this and that, I couldn't have remained in this. A coach has to have a certain kind of woman.

"The club almost folded again this spring. That would have been bad trouble for me. I'd passed up a college job to take the Ironmen head coaching position, and it was too late to get another. Believe me, it had me worried. Here I sit with a wife and four kids and no job. You never know for sure whether the team is going to be here. You don't know what kind of security you're going to have for your family. But you don't yourself mind, as long as it's football."

That was the end of the conversation, and it was now time for Lou Blumling's weekly break from football, the bowling hour. He picked up a bag and strode out the screen door across the tiny backyard and down to the alley, where his kids were tossing around a football.

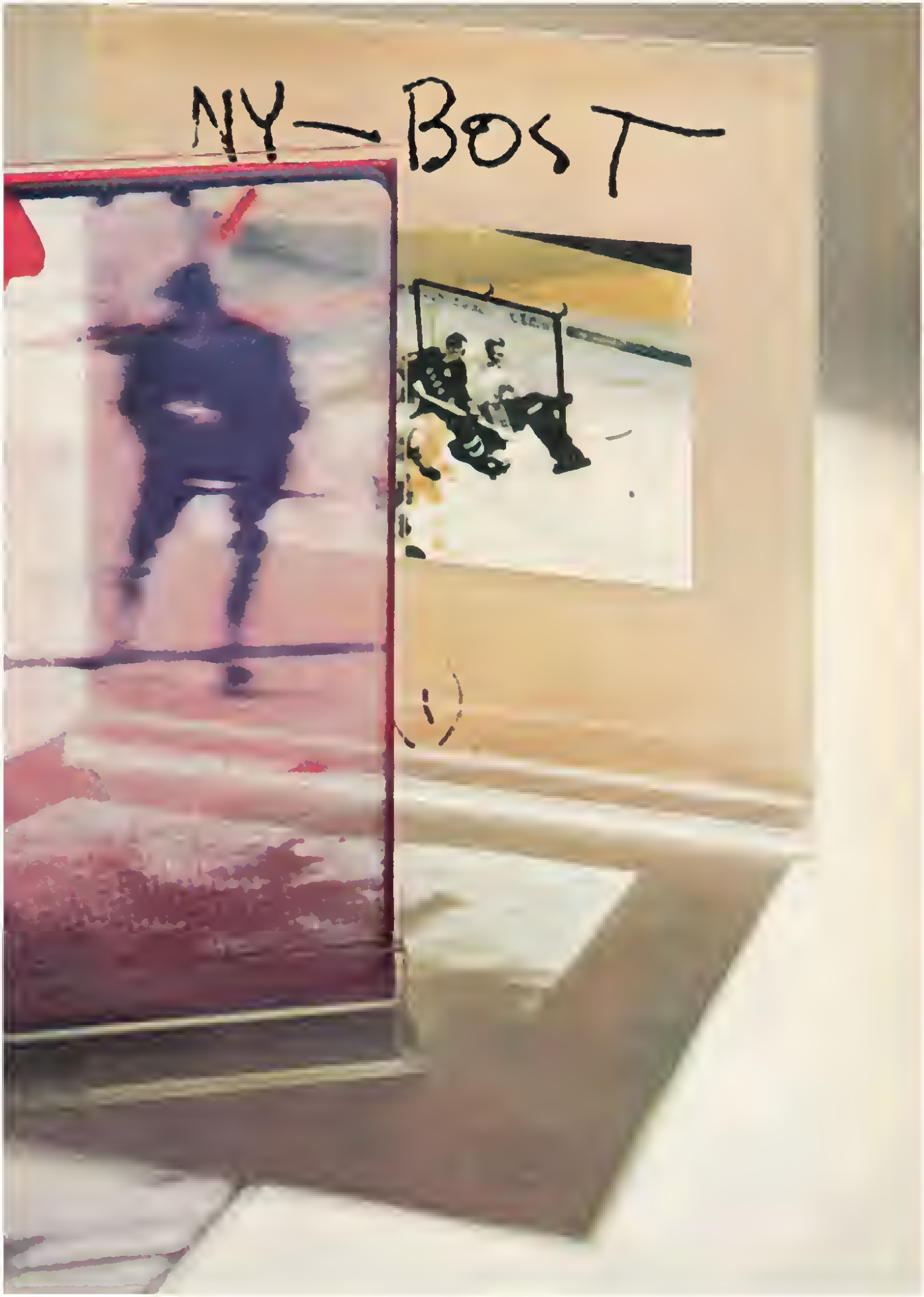
In a minute he was back, smiling sheepishly. With scarcely a word he set down the briefcase full of yellow cards with football diagrams and picked up the bowling bag instead. He grinned weakly and walked out again, looking preoccupied. **END**

Passion in a Cold Climate

Artist Bob Stonley went out to see ice hackey and was stirred by its speed and violence. The contrast between "the coldness, the tronsporency" of the ice and the heated humon conflict above it intrigued him. He took phatagrophs on which to bose a series of paintings But he discovered that acrylics on canvas would nat give back the emotions he put into them. He began to experiment. Discarding the tools that have earned him an international reputation and a place in museums ond private collections, he projected images from film transparencies onto large sheets of Plexiglas, and then transferred them by a special silk-screen method On the following pages, casting their shadows on the mirror of Stanley's imagination, are his visions af hackey. the eternal struggling olong the boards to dig out the puck and put it back into play ("They are fighting for the puck," says Stanley, "but really fighting eoch other"), the sudden crash to the ice af a figure in red—who can stand for all puck carriers—along with his blue-gorbed harrier, the supreme concentration of attacker and goalkeeper.






NY — BOST



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

In addition to the action, I see symbolic things," Bob Stanley says. "The mask of the goalkeeper, hiding his expression, always reminds me of a death mask."



◆ It has been described as "a picture of **Billy Casper** playing with a lion," but the photograph below looks more like one of a lion playing with Billy Casper On tour in South Africa, Casper was asked if he didn't want to see the cubs at the Lion Park outside of Johannesburg "Sure," Casper said, visualizing cuddly balls of fuzz, but they turned out to be half-grown lions. One of them took a liking to him and showed it by ripping his trousers and playfully swiping him across the arm. This enabled Casper to tell inquiring friends later that his injury was "nothing serious—just got scratched by a lion." But earlier what he said was, "I was scared, real scared."

Casey Stengel was among those receiving that form letter from **Richard Nixon** in which the President-elect requested the suggestion of bright young talent to adorn the incoming administration. "You, as a leader, are in a position to know and recommend exceptional individuals," Nixon explained to Casey and 79,999 others. Questioned by the press, Stengel said, in very small part, "I don't see why I have to tell you what I'm going to tell him because I haven't got too much time for things like this because I'm too involved in baseball right now," but he did opine that there were plenty of exceptional young people in sports, and added, "If they have talent below the shoulders they must have it above." Hmmm





◆ The tennis players above are, from left to right, **Donald Dell** and **Bob Lutz** of the U.S. Davis Cup team and **Jean-Pierre Courcoul** and **Bernard Paul** (kneeling) of France, and they and a friend have been visiting with two young ladies at their place of work, the Crazy Horse Night Club in Paris. This is believed to be the only such outing the Davis Cup players had, because, our correspondent reports, "Most afternoons and some evenings they were playing." Tennis, that is.

In 1951 Oilers' General Manager **Don Klosterman** nearly drowned while body-surfing at Corona del Mar. In 1954 he was playing at an Army-Air Force golf tournament in West Berlin and hooked a drive out of bounds—all the way into East German territory, in fact. When his caddie went to retrieve the ball East German police impounded both caddie and clubs. "It took me three days to get the clubs back and I never did know for sure what happened to the caddie," Klosterman recalls. In 1957 he went skiing and nearly died after hitting a spruce tree at 45 mph. So when a former Oiler player turned up in his office to demand some back pay it was the usual Klosterman luck that he should come brandishing a pistol to add emphasis to his argument. Oiler Scout Tom Williams helped subdue the man, and Klosterman just said cheerfully, "Tom is a good talent scout, but what I really like is the way he saves general managers."

Joyce Brown, wife of **Clarence Brown Jr.**, a representative from Ohio, wrote up the Ohio State-Michigan game recently for a newsletter to her husband's constituents and reported on a pregame party, the weather, the bands, the presence of Astronaut Donn Eisele and a restoration project in Columbus. She also mentioned that Ohio State won the game, though she did not go so far as to give the score.

English marksman **Bob Braithwaite** won a gold medal at the Olympics in Mexico, shattering 198 targets out of 200 in the rapid-fire clay-pigeon shoot to equal the Olympic record. Back home in Lancashire, Braithwaite, a veterinary surgeon, had to bring his custom-made F N Browning 12-bore shotgun out again, this time to destroy a rogue bull that had attacked a neighboring farmer. Farmhands cornered the raging animal in a cow shed and Braithwaite dispatched it with one shot. "I was called out in my professional capacity and it would not be etiquette to discuss it," he said later, so we can only presume that Braithwaite achieved a bull's-eye.

Cowboy Quarterback **Craig Morton** and Flanker **Lance Rentzel** have made definite plans to open a discotheque in Dallas this spring. They are going to call it The Pearl Street Warehouse. How did they arrive at such a name as that? "Because it's on Pearl Street," says Rentzel, "and it's a warehouse."

Rube Boyce, who used to coach football at a Memphis high school, recalls of **Elvis Presley**, "The boy had exceptional speed and was really tough. He could have done well in our backfield, but he kept bringing guitars and other musical instruments to the locker room. They got in the way. Finally I gave him a choice, 'Leave the instruments at home or turn in your uniform.'"

In New York for his induction into the Football Hall of Fame, the Lions' **Bobby Layne** admitted to one other ambition in life. "To run out of cash and air at the same time."

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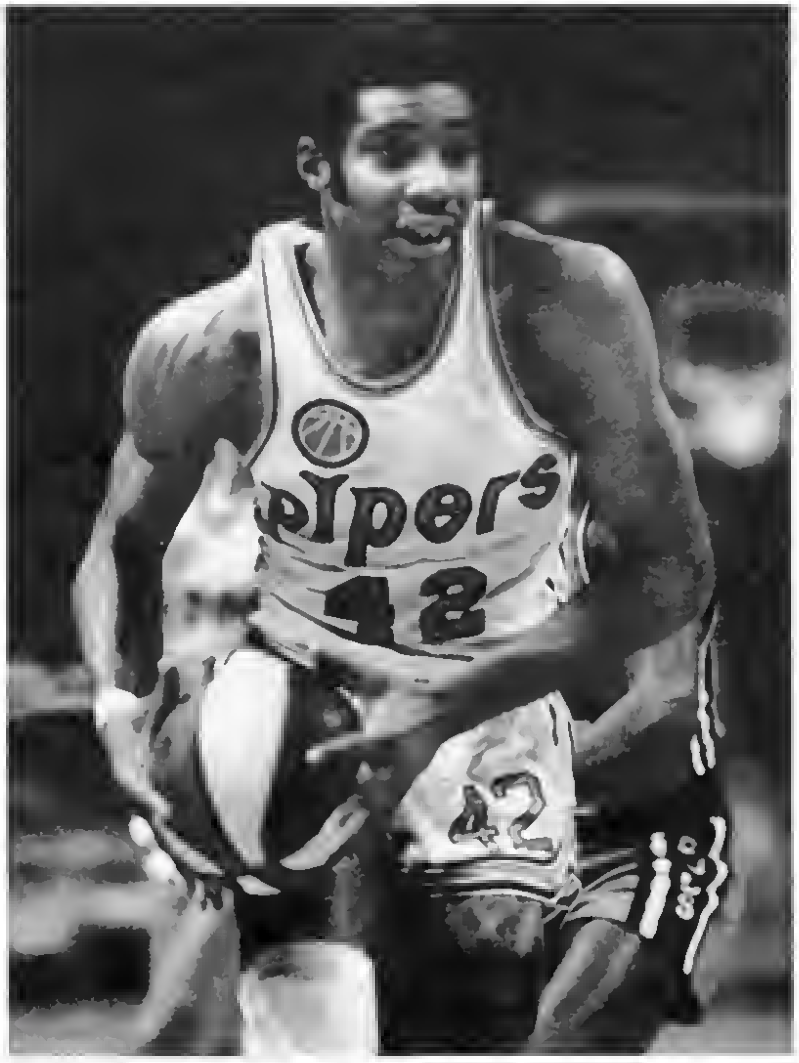
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Because of youthful indiacretions, Connie Hawkins, who smothers the ball and foes with giant hands, is the best unknown pro in the land

Shining star under a cloud

Bill Sharman, who played 10 seasons for the Boston Celtics and has coached three pro teams, thinks Connie Hawkins is one of the world's seven best basketball players. Yet unless you hang around Brooklyn's Nostrand Avenue or are among the few who watch the pros at the 11 outposts of the American Basketball Association, you probably have never even heard of him.

Now a 6′ 8″ center with the ABA champion Minnesota Pipers, Hawkins inflicted obscurity on himself when he figured in the college basketball scandals of the early '60s. He was not convicted of anything—he was not even brought to trial—but he has had to labor ever since to restore luster to his reputation. Because of a legal precedent—of which he was not a part—he may never convince the older National Basketball Association that he deserves a chance to play in the league. Yet because of the pinch of money, which was the root of the trouble in the first place, he may end up playing in the NBA anyway—which shows how mixed up things can become with Hawkins. The confusion, though, ends at the sidelines. On the court Hawkins takes his place right up there with Bill Russell, Oscar Robertson, Wilt Chamberlain, Jerry West, Elgin Baylor and the other stars of the game.

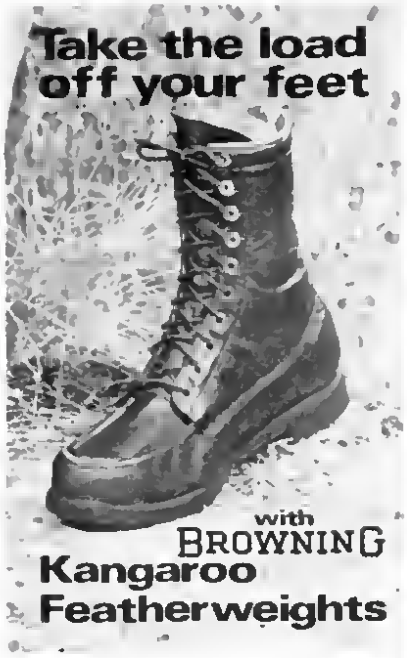
Sharman, presently the coach of the ABA's Los Angeles Stars, says, "Connie plays between Robertson and Chamberlain. He's almost as good as Oscar at passing, and he has that same ease on the court. Some superstars let you know they're doing super things by being flashy, but Connie and Oscar don't. They make great moves look so easy you think they really are."

Hawkins appears as relaxed as Robertson, the bland expression on his face masking some marvelously crafty moves, and he can shoot the way Oscar does, too. He launches his deadly fall-away jumper from behind his head—an unintentional copy of Robertson's unstoppable shot—and when he decides it is time to take charge of a game he plays all over the floor just as Robertson does. Last week against Los Angeles, the Pipers, who are running away with the ABA's Eastern Division race, led easily until the middle of the fourth period, when the Stars edged within two points. Then Hawkins took over. He leaped across the court to block what would have been the tying layup, grabbed a pass from his teammates bringing the ball upcourt, scored, was fouled and made the free throw. Clearing the next defensive rebound, he drove upcourt and hit teammate Chico Vaughn with a 40-foot, one-handed, blind-side pass to set up the goal that put the Pipers ahead by seven points and out of harm's way.

While Hawkins' all-court versatility is exceptional, he is at his best under the basket. Sharman says Hawkins and Chamberlain are the only men in the pros who can really palm the ball effectively. "They can do so much more than anyone else around the basket because they handle the ball so easily with one hand and always have an arm free to protect themselves," says Sharman.

Hawkins, who weighs only 210 pounds and looks about as sturdy as a daddy longlegs, needs protection. With the ball cradled in either of his two huge hands, he can spring inordinately high, look around to pass or dunk the ball through the basket with a great crash, all the while fending off heavier players. After spearing defensive rebounds he is almost a parody of himself—one hand held out in front to discourage would-be meddlers, the other, with the ball, waving far out behind him as he sets to pass.

continued



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The ABA's only famous player, Oakland's Rick Barry, and Hawkins have not met in a regular-season game yet, but their race for Most Valuable Player could become more interesting than the one for the team championship. Hawkins is the defending MVP. He and Barry are running even in everything from free throws to floor percentage. Oakland's former NBA All-Star has a slight lead in scoring (35.9 points to 34.3), Hawkins the edge in rebounding.

Connie Hawkins has had an edge in basketball since his high school days in Brooklyn. Thanks to gamblers, he had a sort of double edge in 1961 when he was a freshman at Iowa, and it was almost fatal. Although a freshman cannot fix anything, the gamblers gave him $200 and performed numerous personal favors; the assumption is that they wanted Hawkins on their side when he moved up to the varsity. The investments never paid off. New York District Attorney Frank Hogan exposed the fixers, who were involved in bigger things than the attempted corruption of a freshman, and Hawkins was on his way out of Iowa.

To Howie Jones, coach at Brooklyn's Boys High, who had followed Hawkins from his days as a gang member and junior high truant to stardom and one of the biggest recruiting scrambles ever, the expulsion of the boy was at once understandable and sad. "I don't excuse what Connie did," he says. "A lot of other players have made it from here and resisted the temptation of taking money illegally. But this school is in the heart of Bedford-Stuyvesant, and Connie was from the bottom of the barrel economically even here. His mother was blind and on welfare, and when all of a sudden recruiters started pouring in and offering Connie the world he realized how valuable he was in terms of money. I don't feel that what a lot of the recruiters did was much less dishonest than what the gamblers did."

Although he was never prosecuted, Hawkins' failure to resist temptation resulted not only in his loss of a college education, but also in a ban from ever playing in the NBA. Hawkins has a $6 million suit pending against the NBA, but he is not likely to have his situation reversed by the courts. What seems most damaging to his case is a precedent set following a suit brought against the NBA in 1954 by the Pistons' Jack Molinas, who had been barred for gambling. That case was dismissed—apparently with prescience. The next time Molinas was heard from he was a kingpin in the 1957-61 fixes. He was sentenced to prison but is now out on parole.

Fortunately for Hawkins, in the seven years since he left Iowa two talent-hungry pro leagues were formed that chose to overlook his and others' roles in the scandals. As a 20-year-old he played in the short-lived American Basketball League, where he was the high scorer and most valuable player. After that folded, in its second season, he went with the Globetrotters for four years before joining the ABA last season.

Bill Erickson, a prime mover in founding the ABA who now heads the Minnesota franchise, says the decision to allow tarnished talent to play was based on thorough investigations. "We demanded that the players had never been convicted, and they had to have top references on their behavior since the fixes," says Erickson. "So far it has been beautiful. We have about a dozen of these players and four of them are All-Stars. Connie is my team leader and the best thing I've got going for me."

Playing in the ABA hardly satisfies Hawkins. "It killed me not to be able to play in the NBA—that's all I thought of as a kid," he says. Ironically, because of a financial squeeze, he may still get his chance. The time is not far off when the economic facts of life may prove too much for NBA owners, particularly if Lew Alcindor chooses the ABA. Already one NBA coach has begun lobbying for the league to negotiate a settlement with the ABA before the high rookie bonuses and lower pay of veterans ruin the morale of his team.

For his part, Hawkins has been clearing the way for possible NBA acceptance by coming on someplace between apple pie and the American Legion. Married, with two small children, he has conducted ghetto basketball clinics and not only signs autographs willingly but sits and chats with the towheaded Minnesota kids after Pipers' games.

Before a home game last week the Marine color guard marched onto the floor, and Joe Tomaszewski and his Northeasterners struck up the national anthem. On the floor the players stood fidgeting, itching to start the game. All of them but Connie Hawkins, the outlaw superstar. He was singing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. **END**



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MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

A three-way race loses one of its horses

The San Diego Chargers dropped out of contention in the AFL's Western Division, taking a 40–3 walloping from the Kansas City Chiefs, who remain in a tie with the Oakland Raiders as they go into the final week of play

Amazing even themselves by the ease with which it was accomplished, the Kansas City Chiefs last week removed the San Diego Chargers from the struggle for the Western Division championship of the American Football League, winning 40–3. Now it is probable that there will be a playoff game in Oakland on Dec. 22 between the Chiefs and the Oakland Raiders, a confrontation players on both clubs look forward to about as much as catching the Hong Kong flu.

The team that has the best chance of preventing such a playoff is, curiously, San Diego itself. The Chargers are matched against Oakland on this last weekend of the regular season, while the Chiefs meet Denver. And if San Diego wins (as they did in their earlier game against a far less efficient Oakland), Kansas City can move into the AFL championship contest against New York merely by beating Denver, a team the Raiders scrambled past 33–27 last week.

But to beat Oakland, the Chargers will need to be an entirely different sort of club than the one that went out on a glorious Southern California afternoon against Kansas City. "You never really know how a team is going to be," said Kansas City Quarterback Len Dawson. "I know our thoughts all week long were concentrated on this game, but I'm sure the Chargers felt the same way."

The Chiefs had planned a rather simple and straightforward assault on the Chargers—by aiming a running game directly into the middle of the line—and it worked nicely. "We hadn't run up the middle much this year," Dawson explained later, peeling the tape off a deeply bruised right thigh that has bothered him for several weeks. "The Chargers play their defensive tackles pretty wide, trying to fill the off-tackle hole, and their middle linebacker is farther back than most. That left a natural hole up the middle. If we could hit quick, our guards ramming straight at the San Diego tackles, we figured we'd make at least five yards a shot. It worked."

Despite all the talk of running up the middle, the play that put the game away for Kansas City was a 68-yard touchdown pass from Dawson to Split End Frank Pitts in the second quarter. Pitts was flanked to the left against Cornerback Jim Tolbert, who seems to prefer bashing into a receiver at the line of scrimmage, knocking him off-stride and then physically intimidating him. "Frank told me in the huddle he could beat Tolbert," said Dawson, who waited for a third-and-five situation and threw a long pass on which Pitts made a full-stride, over-the-shoulder catch. "So Frank got by him. It's the same way if Lanee Alworth gets by you. He's gone if he can reach the ball."

That pass put Kansas City in front 21–3, with more than five minutes remaining in the first half. Like three other Kansas City scores, it came after an interception of a pass from San Diego Quarterback John Hadl, who had six passes caught by people in white Kansas City jerseys.

For those interceptions—which raised Hadl's season total to 30—the Chiefs owed a token debt to the Jets. Three weeks ago New York intereepted four of Hadl's passes while beating San Diego in a most important game that was shown on NBC-TV. Kansas City Coach Hank Stram and his staff had, of course, already puzzled out a smart way to oppose Hadl, but television, as well as game films, helped to impress the players. "The first time we played San Diego [when the Chiefs won 27–20] we were mostly using a key defense, where you pick up tips and tendencies," said Goldie Sellers, the Kansas City cornerback who intercepted two Hadl passes. "This time we played mostly zone. Alworth is a fine receiver, and we would roll to his side in what amounts to double coverage on him now and then, but we were getting a good rush up front, and that made it wonderful."

"We're a zone defense team anyway, to a great extent," said Stram. "We concealed our roll fairly well and mixed things up so they could never be sure what we were doing. Hadl throws to a spot and his primary concern is his No. 1 receiver. If you do that and you are precisely right, you're fine. If you're not, you throw into a lot of people and there are a number of ricochet passes [the Chiefs intereepted five tipped passes from Hadl in two games this year]. What we were concerned with was a good rush and the range of our people up front. If we could force Hadl to throw prematurely we knew we would be all right."

The Kansas City rush was fierce. Left End Jerry Mays, Left Tackle Ed Lothamer or his alternate, Ernie Ladd, Right Tackle Buck Buchanan and Right End Aaron Brown destroyed a fine San Diego offensive line that had allowed Hadl to be thrown for losses only rarely all season. The Chiefs reached Hadl—or his fourth quarter replacement, Jon Brittenum—six times in the second half. San Diego offensive Right Tackle Ron Mix was close to being the first person into the Kansas City locker room when the game was over. "Ron is a gentleman," said Mays, his main opponent of the afternoon. "He came in to tell us we'd played a good game." Mix said, "It's an ugly feeling when you know the game is lost and you're only trying to save face. This was our worst game of the year—and what a time to have it." Said Hadl, "Kansas City has the best team in the league. If they don't win, it's their own fault." END



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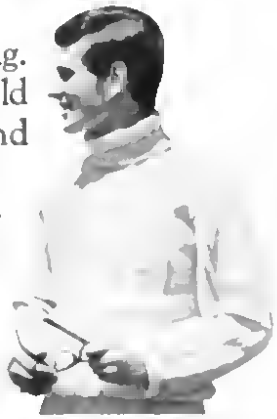
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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Joey had a good excuse for playing hooky

A pair of 26-year-old ex-intercollegiate champions, Dr. Richard H Katz and Larry Cohen of Milwaukee, won the six-session Blue Ribbon Pairs event from a field of superstars in the Fall National Contract Bridge Championships at Coronado, Calif. last week Katz, a lieutenant commander in the Coast Guard now stationed at the U S Public Health Hospital in Detroit, won the intercollegiate title with Cohen in 1966 while both were attending the University of Wisconsin.

Still, by long odds the player sensation of the tournament was 15-year-old Joseph Livezey of Springfield, Pa , who came to Coronado with his bridge teacher-partner, Mrs W W. Vosburgh of Bryn Mawr, in hopes of winning the 20-odd master points he needed to become the youngest Life Master in bridge history Joey paid his own way In fact, he'll still have to pay off part of it when he gets back home — by working weekends at a roadside restaurant where he tends the soda fountain and washes dishes. He had to take a week off from Springfield High, where he's a 10th-grade student with a B-plus average whose favorite subject is English, though his math aptitude tests put him in the 98th percentile Most of his teachers were rooting for him, and after what he accomplished at Coronado it's hardly likely he'll be interviewed by the truant officer —unless the truant officer wants some help with his bridge game.

Joey started off by winning 16 master points when he led 664 pairs in the opening Charity Pairs event In the Mixed Pairs, the next event, he and Mrs. Vosburgh had only a so-so game but Joey still won enough master points to wipe Kyle Larsen's "youngest-LM-ever record" off the books by a good six months. Then he went on to throw a real scare into the game's toughest expert field in the Blue Ribbon Pairs. He was fifth after the first session, third after the second session and leading the field at the end of the third. He finished 20th among 120 pairs.

Though he lost 30 pounds last summer on a one-meal-a-day regimen, Joey is still slightly chubby, moonfaced, wears glasses and is totally unabashed, even while stepping up to a table where Oswald Jacoby and Edgar Kaplan are surrounded by 50 kibitzers. At the end of the two boards played at that table some of the kibitzers left to follow Joey.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ Q J 8 3
♥ J 9 2
♦ 9 6
♣ Q 7 6 4

WEST
♠ 9 6 5 2
♥ A 10 3
♦ J 4 2
♣ A J 9

EAST
♠ A 4
♥ 8 6 5
♦ K Q 10 5
♣ 10 8 3 2

SOUTH
♠ K 10 7
♥ K Q 7 4
♦ A 8 7 3
♣ K 5

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 N T	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	2 N T.	(*All Pass*)

Opening lead 2 of diamonds

Young Livezey learned bridge at age 6, watching his mother play with friends at home. He has played duplicate for only a couple of years, is still a mite optimistic in his bidding but is a superb natural cardplayer, shining as defender as well as declarer. On the hand shown above he sat West

North's attempt to find a contract better than one no trump was misguided. His Stayman response of two clubs when he knew his side could not make game could gain only if South bid spades. When South bid two hearts, North was forced to retreat to two no trump, a contract certain to be tenuous at best.

Joey's diamond opening was based on excellent inferences. South had shown four hearts. North obviously had four spades. East hadn't doubled the two-club bid That left diamonds.

East's queen of diamonds was allowed to hold the first trick and West's jack captured the second. South won the third trick with the ace of diamonds and led the spade king, captured by East's ace. Mrs. Vosburgh cashed her high diamond, West discarding a spade, and returned the 2 of clubs, not only showing four-card length but promising something of value in the suit. South should have put up his king or else refused to win in dummy when Joey played the jack, but he did neither. He grabbed the queen and cashed three spades, both East and West discarding hearts.

But when hearts were next led, Joey took his ace, dropped South's club king by cashing the ace and then led the 9 of clubs. You see now why Joey played the jack of clubs earlier when he could have forced dummy's queen with the 9 — but Joey saw it at the time. That earlier unblock allowed East to overtake the third club with her 10 and cash the 8. Declarer thus made only five tricks, and that third undertrick, giving East-West 150 points instead of only 100, was worth a bundle of match points.

As his teacher remarked afterward, "It's a pleasure to watch him make this kind of play because he always does it so quickly." END

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HARNESS RACING / *Pat Ryan*

Lights go up in Hollywood

Nighttime trotting arrives in California at last, and the meet's early returns are encouraging. Well, they were until the fog came rolling in

Ah, the wonders at one's fingertips. In New York City these days the housewife who feels her family is missing the snowbound country smells of the Yule season turns a dial on her artificial Christmas tree and the scent of fir wafts through her living room. In California the governor, who like all governors enjoys the smell of ever-green money, turns on the lights at the Hollywood Park harness meeting, and on Christmas morning he will find his stocking stuffed with millions. Ronald Reagan, like the housewife, has a new thing to make him merry.

Since mid-November, California has had night harness racing, and in three weeks attendance at the trotters has jumped 32.7% and the mutuel handle is up 15.8%. The change from days to nights will put an extra million in Reagan's treasury this year, perhaps as much as $7.5 million next year, and, more significantly, the popularity of night racing is expected to provide the impetus for the reestablishment of a major Standardbred industry in the West.

In the 1880s and '90s the quality of harness racing at the California fairs matched anything in the East or Midwest. Trotters bred in the state sold for as much as $125,000. Former California Governor Leland Stanford used 11,000 of the 82,000 acres he owned in the Santa Clara Valley as a stud farm. Often he had more than 100 trotters in training, and at his death in 1893 his horses held every major trotting record. In 1911 Thoroughbred and Standardbred racing were outlawed, and horse breeding began to decline sharply. The only horse earning his oats in the 1920s was Tom Mix's Tony. Racing was legalized again in 1934, but the California harness sport never regained its preeminent position. At present there are fewer Standardbreds foaled each year in the state (135) than were foaled annually on Leland Stanford's ranch. "When racing resumed," says one local harness horseman, "the Thoroughbred people took control and pushed us aside. They did not want any competition."

In 1946 Western Harness Racing, Inc. was formed to bring big-time trotting back to the West Coast, but Thoroughbred interests were powerful enough to dictate the terms. The Standardbreds were given 25 racing days annually and the harness meeting was to alternate from year to year between Santa Anita and Hollywood Park. Allied with a strong movie lobby, the Thoroughbred people were to prevent the trotters—for 21 years—from operating at night. "They knew if we were allowed to race at night we could afford to build our own racetrack," WHR General Manager Pres Jenuine says. The rental price of the flat tracks was exorbitant—50% of the trotters' profits before taxes—and Santa Anita and Hollywood Park were to approve Western Harness' annual budget. "They told us when we could race, how we could race, what we could spend and who we had to hire," Jenuine says.

The Thoroughbreds' "controlling interest" in California trotting continued until last year when the flat tracks sought additional racing dates from the state legislature. They found they could not get the necessary bill through the California house unless they made a deal with legislators representing harness racing interests. To obtain 20 more days of flat racing, the Thoroughbred tracks had to agree to night harness racing.

To bring the Standardbred sport in California out of the Dark Ages, Western Harness has invested $1.5 million in lights and strung 140 miles of wires through the track. Using only two million of its four million watts, the mile track still is better lit than 95% of U.S. raceways.

WHR now has a razzle-dazzle show with a Hollywood cast—Mickey Rooney in love beads, Vince Edwards, Connie Stevens, Walter Matthau. In the new harness crowd there are often Montreal Canadiens, taking time off from The Forum, which stands at the head of the Hollywood Park homestretch, pro football players like Lamar Lundy and Pat Studstill, pro basketball's Bill van Breda Kolff and Elgin Baylor and baseball's Bill Rigney and Jim Lefebvre. Some nights Buzzie Bavasi has a horse entered. His stable, Twilight Farms, is providing for his twilight years, he says. There are executives, housewives, clerks and laborers. The crowds, which have been averaging 12,596 and $79 in bets per person, still rattle around in the Hollywood Park grandstand, which was built to accommodate 60,000 to 70,000 people, but the attendance is growing. "They are more enthusiastic than the elderly folk who used to come in the afternoon to pass the time," one driver said.

There are some—the old people, for instance—who do not like the change. It also, understandably, upsets Jack Kent Cooke, the entrepreneur of The Forum, who sees night harness racing competing for his sports dollar. Cooke applied for an injunction to prevent Hollywood Park from operating at night. In retaliation, the track closed the parking lots it had been allowing The Forum's customers to use. The arena has space for only 3,000 cars. Cooke dropped his case and sued instead for peace and parking.

For a while the track had trouble on all sides. The Century drive-in movie,

continued



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which stands at the other end of the homestretch, complained that the strong lights in use at the track were making it difficult for its customers to see. "It's a joke," Pres Jenuine declared. "Very few people there look at the picture." But he built a $15,000 fence to placate the theater owner.

Next, a lady whose home is located across the track protested that the lights were blinding her tenants. The same lady three years before had persuaded Hollywood Park to cut down a number of trees on the backstretch so that her boarders would have a better view of the lakes and flowers in the infield. There is also a suit pending in Los Angeles Superior Court, two Inglewood families charging that the City of Inglewood did not hold proper zoning hearings before approving night racing. Racetrack lawyers say that the plaintiffs are actually fronting for a group of the state's Thoroughbred owners.

Just when the track thought it had its problems solved, or at least shelved, a roiling night fog began to bedevil the meeting. One evening two weeks ago the crowd had to be sent home after the sixth race. "Aw, let us stay. We'll bet," fans shouted, though no one in the stand could see the finish line. Last Friday, the night of the $75,000 American Classic Trot, fog moved in again. Patrol judges stationed around the track tried to call the third race for the crowd as the field passed their vantage points. When the horses moved into the final turn the judge at the 5/16ths pole reported, "I can hear them but I can't see them." Some of the crowd of 11,794 saw the mare that finished first enter the winner's circle but no one saw her leave as fog smothered the track. The rest of the card, including the Classic, was canceled.

On Saturday fog shut Hollywood Park for the third time. A track official muttered, "Maybe we should have hired the guy who came to us after the first fog. He claimed he could call in winds to blow fog away. He said in 1941 he called winds up from Dallas to Winnipeg and sent them east to Moscow to freeze out Hitler. I asked him how he called the winds, and he told me it was the same way you call elephants—with your fingertips."

Perhaps turning off the fog is no more extraordinary than turning on the scent of your Christmas tree. **END**



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All a Commie Flop

By Janet Graham



Skiing behind the Iron Curtain is an experience, especially if you are not really keen on skiing, are prepared to put up with gypsies and vampires and understand that if you don't fall down you will fall off the mountain

CONTINUED

Commie Flop *continued*

The staggering revelation that this winter I must learn to ski had hit me on New Year's Eve with all the force of a religious conversion. I'd be 40 next birthday

It was now or never. Day after day I watched enviously the return of the Christmas ski crowd, with their tanned faces, sparkling eyes and air of mystic happiness. Evening after evening I pored over alluring articles about "the skier's delicious exhaustion; that lone-falcon feeling of speed and flight; the joy of drawing graceful arabesques on a glittering carpet." I might look like a plump, middle-aged momma, but in my heart I was already a joyous, arabesque-drawing lone falcon. My dreams were all of fabulous *après*-ski wear, of *Gluhwein Gemutlichkeit*, of glorious snow.

But it was already January, and booking seemed impossible. My home was in England — no skiing there. Ski parties to Switzerland, Austria and France were booked solid, and everywhere else was either too far away or too expensive when you got there. I unfolded the map of Europe and searched for mountains. Right slap in the center was Rumania, and in the middle of that was wildest Transylvania and the mighty Carpathian peaks.

"You can't go there," said my husband, appalled. "People don't go skiing behind the Iron Curtain!"

"*I* do," I told him bravely, trying to decide which frightened me more, the Marxists or the mountains.

Only one travel agency seemed to deal with Rumania. I rang up a mysterious outfit in London called East-West Travel and spoke to a hoarse-voiced Mr. Sobadjeff, who assured me there would be a vacancy in one of his gay Rumanian ski parties, leaving fortnightly for Sinaia in the Carpathians. "For Rumanian trips, is *always* places free," he assured me. Like an idiot, I didn't think to ask why.

Instead, I went out and signed up for six evenings of expensive torture at the local dry-ski school. The excruciating exercises served only to make me more anxious to begin my skiing vacation. So eager was I to meet up with my jolly companions that I turned up at the airport early on the day of our departure and waited by the gate of TAROM Rumanian airline. The section was deserted, except for one other passenger—a Bucharest businessman smelling strongly of eau de cologne and reading a magazine about football. Far away across the airport lounge I could see laughing, friendly groups in brilliantly colored parkas chatting and jostling as they went toward their planes for Switzerland and Austria.

Puzzled and cursing Mr. Sobadjeff, I boarded the aircraft, an antique Russian Ilyushin with bald tires. With no dashing new ski friends to talk to, I had to immerse myself in my guidebook, where I learned that the staple food of the Rumanian countryside is *mamaliga*, a cold maize porridge; that a bitter north wind called the *crivatz* blows from the Russian steppes 155 days a year, and that Transylvania is the traditional home of both vampires and werewolves. I also noted carefully that the Socialist Republic of Rumania prohibits the import of narcotics, ammunition and pigeons. I discovered that the people are gay, corrupt, docile and easily led. Then I had a look at the phrase book and was discouraged to find that *cald* meant hot, that *eu* meant I and that most of the sentences were about blast furnaces and pneumatic hammers.

We landed in Bucharest, which someone who'd never been to Paris once named "The Paris of the Balkans." In dirty old capitalist days before the war it had been a wicked city, known as the red-light district of Europe. An elderly British *roué* once told me that if a chap was staying at the notorious Athénée Palace and wanted a girl for company, he just had to leave his umbrella lying at a certain angle on his bed and all would be arranged. Things certainly seemed different now: neat, clean, Communist and orderly, with fierce-looking policemen ready to impose huge fines on the spot for jaywalking across the wide boulevards. And not an umbrella to be seen.

The train from Bucharest chugged up the Prahova valley to the gingerbread-villa resort of Sinaia. A sign in four languages told me not to lean out the window, so I leaned out the window and surveyed the jagged snow-covered peaks of the mighty Carpathians, glinting rose-pink in the afternoon sun. The lower slopes were densely forested with pines of a primeval greenness that was almost black. The scene had something of the prettiness of Switzerland but with faint sinister undertones, as though there might be nameless horrors lurking in the forest depths. Above the tree line lay peak after peak, piste after glorious piste.

Where does the tourist stay in a Marxist society? In a former royal palace, of course. The Hotel Palas was a grandiose pile in neoclassic sandstone. The lounge was furnished with hideous thronelike armchairs and reeked of the benzine they used for washing the floors. (They were *always* washing the floors at the Palas—almost as though they hoped, with those antiseptic fumes, to exorcise any pretensions the old building might still have to prewar elegance and monarchial living.)

The afternoon I arrived the lounge was swarming with gypsy musicians, Bulgarian students and a congress of Hungarian shoe salesmen. In one corner I spied three elderly gentlefolk perched on those awful high-backed chairs, playing a desultory game of Scrabble — in English.

"Where can I find the East-West ski party?" I asked them.

They looked up, astonished. Connie and Ted introduced themselves. "Oh no, dear, there aren't any British skiers in this hotel," Connie explained, her sequined bosom heaving with laughter at the very idea.

"But I booked. . . ."

"That Mr. Sobadjeff!" snorted Ted.

Connie went on, "Sinaia isn't a *ski* resort—it's a health spa. *We're* the East-West senior citizens party: we've come here for the cure. You know, mud baths and all that." She fished out a brochure about Rumanian geriatrics. "In Rumania, we are experts at fighting the aging," it stated.

continued

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"Won't you join us for tea and Scrabble?" asked Kathleen, a gentle, white-haired lady in her 70s. "I do believe we're to be roommates."

I looked frantically toward the bar. "Better stick to tea," grunted Ted. "The whiskey here's a pound a shot."

The four of us dined together to the strains of a melancholy gypsy violin and went to bed early. "Poke me if I snore, dear!" said Kathleen gaily. She did, and I did.

Next morning I had myself moved to a single room and wept on the sympathetic shoulder of Madame Anna, our amiable Rumanian tourist representative. "Spent all that money, came all this way, expecting a ski party, and now not a single skier in the place. . . ."

"You wouldn't like a mud bath instead?" offered Madame Anna. "You know, we Rumanians are experts at fighting the aging. . . ."

"No!" I stormed. "I'm not 40 yet. And I came here to *ski!*" I made a scene, shouting, crying, stamping my feet and throwing my passport about. In Rumania it is often necessary to make a scene. They are Latins, as they never tire of telling you, and hysterical, arm-waving drama is something they understand and appreciate. It amuses the hotel staff and provides a welcome diversion for the other guests, for whom entertainment is sparse.

At the end of my scene Madame Anna said soothingly, "But of course you shall have some skiing. You shall go each day up the mountain to the Alpin Hotel for your lessons. We shall arrange everything. Tomorrow I will send my little boy to help you hire some skis."

When Madame Anna's little boy, Sandu, turned out to be a strikingly handsome Olympic bobsled driver, I cheered up considerably. Sandu's friend ran the ski-hire shed in the public park beside the hotel. It's not easy to walk down the solid ice slope that is the main street of Sinaia; locals do it on skates or skis. By the time we'd slithered along to the ski-hire hut it was shut.

"My friend having a little *pause*," said Sandu. "Will come again to open, *imediat*." (*Imediat* is a tremendously useful Rumanian word meaning this-year-next-year-sometime-never, all part of the Latin heritage.)

"You are so very fortunate!" said Sandu an hour or so later. "Just one pair of skis left in your size." I soon saw why they'd been rejected by every skier before me – there was a foot of surface missing from the bottom of one ski.

"Broken, kaput," I told Sandu.

"But you are only beginner! You will not want to ski so fast!" said Sandu. "Will do?"

"Will do," I agreed philosophically – since I didn't know the Rumanian for "Can't you find me a new pair with polyethylfluorothene bottoms?"

Sandu's friend next produced for me a pair of beat-up boots with broken laces and a pair of homemade birch ski poles. In some ways I regretted not having bought what I needed before leaving home – after all, these days you can even get ski poles with built-in flasks. On the other hand, Rumanian gear had a certain rustic charm and gave me the comforting feeling that anytime I failed to show brilliance on the slopes I could always blame the equipment.

Anyway, after we spent a leisurely hour or so producing passports and travel documents and filling in forms in triplicate, I was officially equipped and ready to ski. "Now, up the mountain?" I asked Sandu eagerly.

"Today is Monday," he replied. "Lift not working. You wish to practice in the park?"

With no other choice, I put on my skis and went over to the central park, where I tried to practice among the children who were skiing home from school. The piste had its hazards – I had to dodge round park benches and naked statues and once, shooting uncontrolledly down the hill to the park gates, I collided with a bear. Luckily, it was only a stuffed bear—the moth-eaten prop of Sinaia's village photographer. He and the bear stood together at the park entrance, and every now and then a vacationing Rumanian would dress up in a red silk shirt embroidered MEXICO, don a Stetson, borrow a toy air gun and point it at the bear to have his picture taken.

The next day, Tuesday, dawned bright and clear. Hurrah for the Alpin Hotel! Hurrah for skiing! Hurrah for Ruma-

continued



"Tuica" tastes remarkably like disinfectant, but when you are knee-deep in snow I recommend it. It improves the atmosphere.

nia! I bounded out of bed, impatient, excited and eager, but my euphoria was short-lived, for I soon discovered that it was a trifle complicated getting to the Alpin.

There was no bus, only a small taxi fleet of locally built, open jeeps. Capitalist-style, private transport was firmly discouraged. You went to a kiosk at the end of town and bought a ticket, then hung about shivering for an hour or two until six other passengers wanted to go, only then was the jeep allowed to leave. Sometimes there were also last-minute hangers-on who stood perched on the tailboard, clutching the chassis with frozen fingers as the machine slithered round precipitous hairpin bends.

Up and up we climbed, past the gingerbread villas, the painted monastery and the fantastic castle by Charles Addams out of Hohenzollern, then through the dark, wolf-infested forests that used to be inhabited by Rumanian Robin Hood characters called haiduks. After six miles (in 40 minutes) we found the road blocked completely by a stranded truck. The Alpin was still an icy mile uphill. So we began to stagger up the rest of the mountain.



Capitalist-style transportation was discouraged, and you made the 10-mile drive standing crammed in an open cattle truck.

A Rumanian skier fell into step beside me. He was a towering figure, with his pointed fur hat adding an extra foot or so to his height and his black, fleece-lined greatcoat sweeping grandly to his ankles. Was he going to *ski* in those clothes? But certainly.

"Iss bad luck, the road blocked," he said. "Iss happening often on this mountain."

"My first day skiing!" I told him excitedly.

"But iss *Tuesday*," he said, looking grave. "In our country iss very dangerous to begin any new things or make travels on a Tuesday. In your country, no?"

"No mountains in my country," I panted, shifting the torturing skis onto my other shoulder. "Tuesday quite safe." Mercifully, then we rounded a bend and saw at last the skier's Mecca, the Alpin Hotel. A characterless concrete box, it was perched like an eagle's aerie on a sheer snow cliff. My solemn informant pointed skyward. "Nursery slopes," he told me. Behind the hotel rose an ice mountain, wooded on one side and with a sheer drop on the other. Down this slope a crowd of shrieking, shouting, out-of-control beginners whizzed, hurtled, bumped, tumbled and slithered on their backs, always ending in a contorted ski-tangled heap at the bottom. There seemed to be no other way to stop.

A few of the more skillful performers did traverse down the slope—but I saw with some horror that if they failed to turn in time they would disappear forever down the precipice below the Alpin. We stood watching the carnage for some time. After lying and groaning for some moments, the skiers would disentangle themselves and turn to sidestep painfully up the long, steep ascent.

"Isn't there some sort of ski lift for them?"

"Of course. There iss a chair lift. *And* a baby lift for the nursery slopes. It is just that they do not work."

"What, never?"

He shook his head mournfully. "Seldom. And never on Tuesdays."

We climbed the hill to find the ski instructor. There was none to be found, but then a bouncing, crop-haired German boy called Kurt turned up, eager to practice his English and be my guide. He told me I couldn't possibly join the ski class that afternoon—the beginners had all gone up the mountain to ski at *virful cu dor*. "That is Rumanian for The Peak of Longing," he explained.

I was somewhat weary. I had survived the jeep ride and achieved the mountain climb only to find my ski lesson as unattainable as ever. I stood in the middle of the piste, sighed a little and decided to put my skis on anyway.

"*Vorsicht!* Vatch out!" cried Kurt as a racing skier bore down on us at 40 miles an hour. I watched him enviously as he whizzed past us crouched double. "Very good racer. Notice the egg position," said Kurt helpfully.

I started off down the hill and ended in a face-down tan-

continued





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gle five seconds later. "Scrambled-egg position," I said, packed it up and went home

The next day, Wednesday, I managed to arrive at the Alpin in time for lunch. There wasn't a Rumanian to be seen. The bar was full of Germans. The lounge was full of Germans. The dining room was full of Germans. It puzzled me, until Kurt took me down to the basement to see the native population laughing and drinking in a crammed cafeteria. "Rumanians cannot afford to eat in the tourist dining room with us," he explained. It was much jollier down there, but Kurt led me firmly upstairs again.

"No ski lessons this afternoon," he told me, as we settled into our bowls of *mamaliga* "Instead, ve have a valk through the forest to the skiers' barbecue. In snow. With Rumanian folklore. And much to drink· hot *tuica*."

I nodded. I had already been introduced to *tuica*, a plum spirit that tastes remarkably like disinfectant. Still, whiskey was a pound a shot, so after lunch I hitched a ride in the jeep that was carrying food and drink from the Alpin, and by the time Kurt and his hearty cohorts had hiked to the barbecue I was already well into my second *tuica*. Five bonfires were blazing, gypsy musicians were fiddling and zithering, and we barbecued bacon and onion and quaffed *tuica* from china mugs. If you have never stood knee-deep in snow drinking hot disinfectant to the sound of the gypsy fiddle, I do recommend it. The atmosphere was terrific, especially after the fourth *tuica*. They were pouring the stuff from teakettles.

"Now, time for folk dancing!" cried Madame Anna. We trooped off to the nearby chalet for hot white wine and the gypsy musicians struck up again.

"Ve vant some German music," shouted Kurt. "Can you boys play *Trinke, Trinke, Bruderlein Trinke*?" The musicians grimaced but obliged, and we sang and drank, linking arms, swaying from side to side, standing on chairs, and finally swinging from the fretwork chandeliers. We were just embarking on *Ach, Du Lieber Augustine* when Madame Anna, who clearly felt things were getting out of hand, announced a Rumanian folk dance, the *perinitza*. This involved a lot of hauling partners into a circle, kneeling on table napkins and kissing, and it proved popular. The few Rumanians present realized that fair play in the *perinitza* involves only a chaste peck on each cheek, but Kurt and his chums cheated joyfully and often.

Snow was falling heavily outside, and it had grown dark. I was worried about my transport down the mountain to Sinaia. "If they don't send the jeeps soon," I told Madame Anna, "I think I'll walk."

"Walk!" she exclaimed. "Don't you know the forests are full of wolves?"

"And bears?" added Kurt.

"And vampires?"

The jeeps arrived and I set off in one which contained a zither, an accordion, some drums, two violins, five gypsy musicians and me. Halfway down we found the snowplow stranded across the road, so I resigned myself to an entertaining musical soirée in the jeep. The gypsies bade me sing them English songs. By the time I'd quavered through *Little Brown Jug* and *Rule Britannia*, the road was cleared and we all staggered frozen into the hotel.

The icy wind blew all night long, whirling the snow into great drifts. When I panted up to the jeep kiosk with my skis next morning, I was met by grave news: the road to the Alpin was impassable and likely to remain so.

"The *crivatz* is blowing. There is too much ice."

"But my ski lesson. . . ."

"You like to walk up?" said the jeep lady. "Iss only 10 kilometers."

I slid sadly back to the hotel. "And the skiing?" Madame Anna said brightly. "Do you progress?"

"*Progress*!" My laughter gurgled mirthlessly, like water going down a Balkan drain. "Do you realize, Madame Anna, I've been here nearly a week and I haven't even *started*. I've only got five days holiday left!"

Madame Anna made soothing noises. "But naturally, you do not wish to ski *all* the time. You wish to join some skiers' excursions, no? To the venison supper in a mountain hut? Or perhaps a visit to the tractor factory in Brasov? Or a nightclub in Istanbul?" I shrugged.

Istanbul was thronged with sheep and skyscrapers and mosques, all exactly the sort of things one encounters on a typical skiing trip. We even crossed the Bosporous into Asia, and by the time we returned to Sinaia the *crivatz*, mercifully, had stopped blowing. I went right to see Madame Anna. It was time to be firm. "I have just three days left," I told her. "And I hear there is marvelous skiing at Poiana, with proper nursery slopes, and a lovely instructor. Really, it was nice to see the Blue Mosque and the St. Sophia and to pop over to Asia, but I came to ski

continued



We were met not only by the hausfrau and her enraged lover, but by three Rumanian businessmen who claimed the room themselves

Commie Flop *continued*

I *must* learn to ski before I go home. *Please* will you book me into the big Poiana hotel? *Imediat*!"

"But of course, of course," purred Madame Anna. "We will arrange everything. We want you to continue to progress with the skiing, no?"

The Sport Hotel at Poiana looked luxurious from the brochures, and I set off on Monday morning full of another burst of joyful anticipation. In Brasov I discovered that you got up to Poiana by way of a 10-mile drive standing crammed into an open cattle truck. But the air was crisp, the sun glistened on the tops of the frosted pine trees, the truck was full of skiers and skis and ski poles, and I was content at last. I waltzed up to the desk with my reservation in hand. It was just half past 2. "*Imediat*," the clerk said ominously.

By 10:30 that night I still hadn't gotten a room. I had visited a few, though, lugging my baggage up and down three staircases and searching for the numbers I'd been sent to. Since the rooms were marked with plastic figures above the doors, many of which had fallen off with the vigor of Rumanian door-slamming, it wasn't too easy.

In 401 I was supposed to be joining a German hausfrau holidaying alone. When the shy chambermaid and I knocked on the door we were met not only by the hausfrau and her Rumanian lover but also by a party of three Rumanian businessmen, who, having lavishly tipped someone in authority, were contesting the right of the illicit pair to the room. I returned for the fourth time to the head porter.

Maybe it was time to slip him a £5 note, or at least to make a Rumanian scene, which was cheaper. But just as I was drawing breath, someone tapped on my shoulder. It was a curvaceous brunette with two-inch eyelashes.

"Excuse me," she said and, taking my hand, drew me off into the powder room in a conspiratorial manner. "I hear you have great difficulties," she said. "Let me introduce me: I am Olga Szymanski from Poland, now living in West Germany. I am sharing a room with some Rumanian friends. We have a four-bedded room in the attic. One bed is spare. You would be welcome to join us, if you wish." It was 11 o'clock by now, and I wished pretty fervently. "Please do not inform the head porter or any of the staff," Olga went on. "I believe Rumanians are not supposed to share with Westerners."

And that is how I came to be sleeping with Olga the Polish actress, with Doina the fashion model and with Doina's handsome ski-champion brother, Ion.

"And this is luxury," Ion told me. "You should see the mountain huts, where there can be 30 of us in a room this size. We sleep like sardines on a great wide shelf that runs around the walls, with our feet pointing in to the middle. When one turns over, he gives a shout, and all must turn over together. It is friendly, jolly fun, no?"

Olga and I had our meals together and smuggled food up to Doina and Ion, who didn't want to be seen with me. Our waiter caught us food-smuggling, he didn't tell on us, just added on to our meal bills as the price of his silence. "This hotel," said Olga disgustedly at breakfast, "is unbelievably corrupt. But, on the other hand, no waiter in this country could possibly live on his pay."

continued

If You Still Want to Go

Don't give up the idea of skiing in Eastern Europe completely—just keep away from Rumania. Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Poland all have good skiing in what must be admitted are fledgling resorts by Western standards. Take your own equipment and don't expect to be cosseted. A spirit of adventure is essential. Groups must book well in advance, but individuals and couples can usually find a place to stay on short notice. Cosmos Travel Bureau, 45 West 45th St., New York, N.Y. 10036, makes a specialty of Eastern European vacations, and each country has its own travel office.

YUGOSLAVIA. A World Cup men's competition will be held next year at Kranjska Gora (2,660 feet at the base), and this resort in the Julian Alps is popular with Austrian skiers who come for the weekend. A single room with bath and full board goes for $5.50. The kitchen is geared to Austrian tastes. Planica, at 2,850 feet, is fairly primitive. A single room with a washbasin can be had for $3.80, and a private bath is something of a miracle. Ski instruction costs around $1.50 an hour. The hotels are run by the state and they are comfortable, even if the service is maddeningly slow. Evening entertainment is restricted to communal singing and dancing, and visitors have been known to escape to Austria for some fun.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA. The Tatra Mountains—with Alps as good as Switzerland's—offer attractive skiing in a rough and romantic setting. The resorts are difficult to reach, and hotel capacity is limited—only 1,500 tourist beds in the entire Tatra region. The Grand Hotel at Stary Smokovec (3,560 feet) and the Grand Hotel Praha at Tatranska Lomnica (3,790 feet) are the best bets. A double room with bath and three meals costs $37, and a five-trip lift ticket $2.80. The food is excellent and all the best hotels have nightclubs. The Czech Travel Bureau, Cedok, is at 10 East 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

POLAND. Poland has a share of the Tatra Mountains also. Zakopane, around 3,000 feet, has hosted the FIS championships three times, and there are plenty of hotels and entertainment. A room in the best hotel, the Zakopane, is priced at $12.50 a day with full board. A two-week course at the ski school is expensive at $55, but the 10-ride lift ticket is only $2.40. There are lines at the chair lifts, just like at home, but Westerners paying in Western currency get priority on the cable car. Orbis, the Polish Travel Office, at 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036, organizes 13-day tours that include eight days in Zakopane. The price for one skier is $99, for two traveling together the charge is $162. You have to pay your own way to Warsaw.

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Commie Flop *continued*

This was gently undulating country, and the nursery slopes lay smooth, white and inviting just outside the dining room windows. I couldn't wait to get started. "Where can I hire ski equipment?" I asked.

"Room 13," Olga told me.

"God," I said. "And it's Tuesday."

Ski hire, as usual, took the best part of a day, what with all the form-filling. By the time I was fitted out, ski lessons were over. With resignation I recorded one more ski-less day in the diary.

My plane left Bucharest on Thursday. There was just one day left.

I had breakfast again with Olga. She was still exhausted from the previous day, when she had had to climb uphill for six hours to make one downward run. "There are five ski lifts in this resort," she muttered, "and not one of them is working."

"Are they all broken?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said. "They are *all* in good condition. Very safe."

"Well, why aren't they working?"

"There was an accident on the lifts two years ago," she explained. "So now the government is so careful not to have another tragedy. That is why the lifts are seldom working, it is safer that way."

I was still considering this logic when we noticed a great commotion in the parking lot outside. Two huge chauffeur-driven Mercedes had driven up.

"A minister's cars," said Olga excitedly. "Ordinary Rumanians just walk, party members have cars; but ministers have Mercedes, two each. Oh, this is wonderful news. Doina and Ion will be delighted."

"But why should they care?"

"Because now that the minister has arrived," said Olga, "the ski lifts will instantly start to work."

She was right, when the news spread around the hotel there was a great rushing about and fastening of ski boots. Again, I was caught up in a wave of excitement, for I was off myself to my first, and last, ski class. I was punctual, of course, and immediately looked around for Romeo, the gorgeous ski instructor I'd heard so much about. The other beginners had told me how kind and helpful he was. "It's marvelous—if

continued



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ADVERTISING COUNCIL

Commie Flop *continued*

you're in any trouble you just lie there waving your legs in the air and calling, Romeo, Romeo. . . ."

Our instructor turned up. He was called Gustav. He was 50, balding, with sticking-out ears. Romeo had gone to Bucharest. Gustav didn't really present the same incentive, but I did my best. I bent my knees and fell down. I snowploughed and fell down. I traversed and fell down. I did a kick turn and fell down. In the end I lay there crying, "Gustav, Gustav," but it wasn't quite the same, somehow. After a time I discovered the easiest way was to wait till he wasn't looking, remove my skis, stand upright and put them on again.

Schussing gently down the beginners' slope in brilliant sunshine, I waited for the explosion of joy I'd heard about. It didn't happen. I tried to remember I was a joyous, arabesque-drawing lone falcon gliding along a glittering carpet, sipping powder snow like vintage wine.

I'd been waiting all my life for this. I'd paid a fortune to Sobadjeff. I'd been practicing and exercising hard for weeks. I'd traveled 1,500 miles, clambered icy mountains, gone to Asia, drank disinfectant—all this, and plenty more, just to achieve one heavenly afternoon on skis. Now I discovered something.

I didn't like skiing.

All afternoon we slogged across the slopes to Gustav's harsh commands. It was quite a relief when I sprained my ankle, returned my gear to Room 13, bade farewell to Olga, Doina and Ion and took the train back to Sinaia.

"You make excellent progress, no?" said Madame Anna, looking approvingly at my bandages.

I flew home the next day. I was quite satisfied, though, that I could face all my skiing friends. They could come back from Obergurgl or Grenoble and try to impress me with tales of the gaiety of resort social life, with talk of stem turns and Christies, or even with their beautiful tans. But, really, could they match me? For I had gone schussing behind the Iron Curtain and glimpsed the Bolshie Vita, and I knew that there is far, far more to a successful skiing holiday than the absurdly minor consideration of learning how to ski. **END**

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

SOUTH

1. NORTH CAROLINA (3-0)
2. KENTUCKY (2-1)
3. DAVIDSON (3-0)

If the first full week of the new season proved anything, it was that the best of the returning players were even sharper than before. Nowhere was this more evident than in the South, where Charlie Scott of North Carolina, Pete Maravich of LSU and Butch Beard of Louisville came on stage with their magic shows. Scott scored 81 points and came up with a flock of steals and assists as the Tar Heels beat Oregon 89–78 and 106–73 and then took care of Kentucky 87–77 (*page 32*). Said Oregon's Steve Belko: "A year ago Scott was just a sophomore. Right now he's an Elgin Baylor." As for Maravich, he was shooting less but he was a more complete player. This was evident in a 109–82 win over Loyola of New Orleans, in which he had 11 assists. Although shooting less he was scoring plenty: 52 points against Loyola and 38 in an 86–85 comeback win over Clemson, including 27 of LSU's last 36 points. Beard, who last year fed the ball to Westley Unseld, found a new working partner in Mike Grosso. They helped dispose of Stetson 84–69 and Southern Mississippi 96–85. Beard had 14 assists in the opener, many of them to Grosso. He also improved his shooting, getting a total of 53 points in the two games.

The best of the newcomers in the South may well be 6'9" Rich Yunkus of Georgia Tech, who is, says Coach Ray Mears of Tennessee, "as good as any sophomore who has ever come into the league." Mears meant the Southeastern Conference, of which Georgia Tech is no longer a member. Yunkus scored 26 points against SMU, an 87–59 victim, and despite double and triple coverage had 32 as Tech lost to Georgia 84–74. In that game Bob Leinhard of the Bulldogs sank nine of 11 shots and had 29 points. Iowa State, shooting 63.6%, shocked Tennessee 72–66 and gave Mears his first nonconference loss at home since 1961. Western Kentucky ran its record to 4-0 thanks to the feet and feats of springy rebounders and shooters Jim McDaniels (size 17 shoe), Clarence Glover (size 16) and Walker Banks (size 15). They polished off Union (Tenn.) 89–54, Southeast Louisiana 101–62 and SMU 92–79. SMU, which last year lost its opener to Vanderbilt, suffered the same fate 97–94 as sophomore Rudy Thacker of the Commodores got six points in the final 27 seconds. Davidson, though, stopped the Commodores impressively, 101–84, and routed Furman 105–70. South Carolina surprised Wake Forest 68–63, Alabama upended Texas 88–56 and Florida State outshot Jacksonville 93–88 to win the Sunshine Classic.

EAST

1. VILLANOVA (3-0)
2. LA SALLE (1-0)
3. COLUMBIA (2-0)

Calvin Murphy of Niagara was another star who had done some honing. He poured in 38 points in a 118–97 win over Buffalo State and then 68 as the Purple Eagles outlasted Syracuse 118–110. "His overall game has improved 100%," said Roy Danforth of Syracuse. "He passed off for baskets and he really controlled the game." Visiting teams had little trouble, Notre Dame whipping King's (Pa.) 84–54, North Carolina State stopping NYU 61–49, Wake Forest beating Temple 87–86 and Duke breezing past Princeton 81–62. Two teams that looked fairly impressive were Villanova and St. Bonaventure. The Wildcats trailed Princeton 22–20 after a sluggish first half before pulling away easily for a 64–54 victory in which Johnny Jones scored 30 points. Jones had 32 and sophomore Howard Porter 34 in a 94–74 walkaway against Philadelphia Textile. St. Bonaventure routed Detroit College 111–70 and St. Francis (Pa.) 91–77. Rob Lanier had 52 points for the Bonnies, including an 11-for-11 performance in the opener.

Columbia gave CCNY its worst defeat ever, scoring 31 consecutive points during one stretch and winning 95–37. The Lions then nipped NYU 69–68 on Leon Williams' basket with eight seconds left. Boston College, Providence, Army, Navy and Duquesne each won twice.

WEST

1. UCLA (3-0)
2. NEW MEXICO (3-0)
3. SANTA CLARA (3-0)

UCLA visited the Midwest, but the West still had some superior performers at home, ranging in size from 7'1" Ron Taylor of USC, who got his hook shot working, to 5'8" Charley Criss of New Mexico State, who executes what might be called a Hummingbird Jump Shot. Taylor, a senior who was called Big O (for Oaf) for two seasons, did not score against Houston until the second half, but then he collected 11 points to upset the Cougars 65–64. And he had 18 points and 16 rebounds in an 84–54 defeat of Loyola of California. "His improvement," said Trojan Coach Bob Boyd, "has been fantastic. He now has a hook shot that almost nobody is going to be able to stop." Criss, who seems to hover in mid-air as he goes through his jump shot routine, was the MVP of the Aggies' dedication tournament for their new $3.5 million Pan American Center. He scored 50 points as the Aggies downed Colorado State 95–89 and Texas-El Paso 51–49. Against Brigham Young, teammate Sam Lacey blocked five shots, and when the Mormons tried outside shots they were Criss-crossed by Charley, who stole the ball six times in an 83–65 victory.

Vic Bartolome of Oregon State sank 20 of 24 shots as the Beavers split with Nebraska, winning 79–67 and losing 85–77. Another high scorer was 6'8" Marv Roberts of Utah State, who averaged 33.3 points in four games. After Roberts made 35 points in an 83–75 win over Washington, Huskies coach Tex Winter said, "He is the greatest offensive performer as a sophomore I have seen." Weber State won the Golden Spike Tournament, defeating Pepperdine 73–48 and Nevada 75–57 as Willie Sojourner and Justus Thigpen each scored 38 points. California trounced San Francisco 82–71, San Jose State 103–98 and St. Mary's 84–77, and New Mexico eased past Hawaii 63–56 and 77–62. Santa Clara also had an easy time of it, whipping California (Davis) 94–66 and Fresno State 82–65.

MIDWEST

1. NOTRE DAME (1-1)
2. KANSAS (2-1)
3. CINCINNATI (3-0)

Big surprises were Wisconsin's 67–62 win over Kansas and Minnesota's 75–73 defeat of Marquette. The Badgers then overwhelmed North Dakota 94–48, while KU and Marquette regrouped to beat Loyola of Chicago 93–61 and Portland 75–53, respectively. UCLA gamboled through the Midwest, handing Ohio State an 84–73 loss and disposing of Notre Dame 88–75 (*page 30*). Although Toledo beat Michigan 89–76 and Ohio U. defeated Indiana 80–70, the Big Ten was strong in other games. Michigan State downed Western Michigan 86–71, Southwestern Louisiana 90–84 and, with Bernie Copeland scoring in the final second of overtime, Toledo 81–80. It was Michigan over Northern Illinois 93–85 and Western Michigan 109–99. Purdue's Rick Mount scored 53 points in victories over Miami (78–70) and North Dakota (116–84). Olympian Spencer Haywood had 109 points as Detroit won three times. Cincinnati used its new run-run tactics to sprint past Kansas State 86–70 and North Dakota State 83–54, with Don Ogletree getting 44 points. Ken Spain's 47 points helped Houston drub Pepperdine 80–60 and Arizona 85–64. TCU won two games, including an 87–84 squeaker against Oklahoma City. Colorado boosted its record to 4-0 by downing Texas Tech 81–77 and Texas 92–75, while Dayton came through with an impressive pair of victories over Bowling Green and Gannon. END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL NBA John Havlicek averaging 30 points a game in BOSTON'S (19-6) four straight wins led the Celtics into first place and made the loss of Bill Russell to the flu less noticeable BALTIMORE (20-7) lurked a fraction of a percentage point behind with three victories and a loss to the Royals, 129-127, when Earl Monroe's tying field goal attempt was blocked by John Tresvant PHILADELPHIA (16-6-6) closed on the Bullets taking four straight, the last a 140-106 win over the Pistons in which seven 76ers scored in double figures CINCINNATI (14-9) held onto fourth place with that defeat of the Bullets and an overtime loss to the Celtics Fifth-place NEW YORK (13-14) winner of seven of its last eight games beat the Hawks twice back to back 126-93 at home and lest anyone cry fluke 121-113 in Atlanta Paul Seymour's debut as coach of the Pistons was spoiled when DETROIT (10-15) ran up against the three division leaders and struck out MILWAUKEE (6-20) threw a scare into the Knicks but still lost in overtime by one point SAN FRANCISCO (12-15) dropped to a tie for fifth with the Hawks who lost three straight and the Warriors who lost two out of three in the Sonics and two other games besides dropped back to third SEATTLE (13-18) teasing mainly on the ailing Warriors who in one game had only eight players suited up Rank three out of four changing place in the standings with CHICAGO (11-18) The Bulls who lost three out of four could count the week a partial success because they pulled out their second victory over the Lakers 90-81 on Jerry Sloan's 28 points and 13 rebounds PHOENIX (6-18) broke its 12 game losing streak by beating the Warriors but lost three and remained in the cellar

ABA With four wins and one loss last week MINNESOTA (15-5) saw its lead in the Eastern Division increased to five games Connie Hawkins (*page 97*) switched from center to forward contributed 180 points 53 of them in the Pipers' 119-118 loss to the Rockets KENTUCKY (10-10) took two in a row and moved up to second while MIAMI (8-11) went one for four and slipped to third NEW YORK (7-13) lost three straight but held onto fourth place and INDIANA (6-15) lost two but managed a 118-115 win over the Buccaneers after nearly blowing a 22-point lead in the last quarter OAKLAND (19-3) let the Chaparrals slip by 112-111 in a game in which the lead changed hands 26 times but the Oaks won three others and extended their lead in the West to 7½ games Larry Jones scored 34 points in pacing second-place DENVER (10-9) to the second of its two wins LOS ANGELES (9-9) tied for second at the start of the week beat the Nets 124-109 but lost to the Pipers 139-124 and eased back to third DALLAS (8-9) won two and lost two to rise to fourth For NEW ORLEANS (8-12) the week was a total disaster four straight losses and a dive from second to fifth in the standings HOUSTON (5-9) improved its percentage if not its position with two wins

BOXING Australian LIONEL ROSE successfully defended his world bantamweight title in a riot provoking split decision over challenger Chucho Castillo of Mexico at Los Angeles Forum (*page 26*)

FOOTBALL NFL After holding Quarterback Zeke Bratkowski to 113 yards passing despite his 13 completions in 24 attempts, BALTIMORE (12-1) gained a 16-3 victory over Green Bay (5-7-1) on Saturday The next afternoon the Colts won the Coastal Division title while watching on TV when CHICAGO (7-6) upset second-place Los Angeles (10-2-1) in a tense 17-16 game CLEVELAND (10-3) came from behind, scoring twice in two minutes of the last quarter to win 24-21 from Washington (4-9) and clinch the Century championship ST LOUIS (8-4-1), eventually eliminated by the Browns win, sent Willis Crenshaw running for 162 yards and three touchdowns to defeat New York (7-6) 28-21 DALLAS (11-2), already the Capitol Division champion, scored on three of Don Meredith's passes and a 90-yard run by Bob Hayes to down pitiful Pittsburgh (2-10-1) 28-7 MINNESOTA (7-6) remained tied with the Bears for the Central lead after a 30-20 defeat of San Francisco (6-6-1), but if the tie persists through the final games the Vikings will lose the title, since they were beaten twice by the Bears earlier in the season PHILADELPHIA (2-11-1) set down New Orleans (3-9-1) for its second straight victory 29-17 and Billy Gambrell's three scoring catches gave DETROIT (4-7-2) a 24-7 win over Atlanta (2-11), the first time the Lions have come out a winner in eight games

AFL The battle for the Western Division championship between OAKLAND (11-2) and KANSAS CITY (11-2) continued The Raiders came back from a 10-point deficit in the second quarter with the help of George Blanda's four field goals, and beat Denver (5-8) 33-27 Three scoring passes from Len Dawson and seven intercepted passes, one returned for a touchdown accounted for most of the Chiefs' 40-3 win over San Diego (9-4) which eliminated the third place Chargers from the race Eastern Division champion NEW YORK (10-3) beat Cincinnati (3-11) 27-14 but Bengal Paul Robinson ran for 33 yards and that made him the first AFL rookie ever to gain 1,000 yards rushing HOUSTON (6-7) won 35-6 over Buffalo (1-12-1) in a game enlivened by Oiler Cornerback Miller Farr, who ran two interceptions back for scores Three touchdowns in the second quarter sent MIAMI (5-7-1) to a 38-7 victory over Boston (4-9)

HARNESS RACING The $50,000 mile-and-a-half Nassau Pace at Roosevelt Raceway was won by longshot W W SMITH ($15.40) driven by Carmine Abbatiello Overall, the 1-to-5 favorite was sixth 4½ lengths behind the winner

HOCKEY NHL MONTREAL (15-6-4) with two wins, a loss and a tie increased its lead in the East by nine points in spite of losing it altogether to the Rangers for a few days NEW YORK (16-9) which defeated the Canadiens and the Maple Leafs to move into first dropped back into a second-place tie with the Bruins when it couldn't beat the Maple Leafs a second time BOSTON (14-6-4) won two and tied the Canadiens 2-2 when Phil Esposito got two shots past his younger brother Tony a rookie goalie playing his first full game TORONTO (11-7-5) remained in fourth after two wins and a loss CHICAGO (11-11-2) dropped to a tie for fifth with the Red Wings with two losses, both to the Canadiens and a tie DETROIT (10-9-4) was 2-1-1 for the week In the West LOS ANGELES (9-12-2) gained two points on division leader ST LOUIS (11-6-7) but the Blues were still nine points out in front and after two ties remained unbeaten in 11 straight games The Kings played twice and won twice with five of their six goals scored by Ed Joyal OAKLAND (17-13-5) a point back in third place played its first shutout of the season beating the Flyers 4-0 then tied the Penguins MINNESOTA (16-14-4), sharing second place at the start of the week lost three straight and fell back into fourth alongside PITTSBURGH (5-13-6) One of the Penguins' two ties was a 1-1 game with the first-place Blues Goalie Les Binkley made 30 saves in Jacques Plante's 23 PHILADELPHIA (6-15-3) lost two and tied one

GORDIE HOWE scored his 700th goal in a 7-2 Red Wing win over the Penguins A sparse crowd in the Pittsburgh Civic Arena cheered the only player ever to score 600 as he reached 700

HORSE RACING The two-mile, $50,000 Display Handicap at Aqueduct the final stake of the New York racing season was won by FAST COUNT ($5.40) by seven lengths over second-place Muse

SKIING By a margin of just two points the UNITED STATES won the first French-American Challenge Cup at Aspen Colo The competition unusual because it pitted skier against skier on parallel courses rather than skier alone against the clock was decided in the slalom on the second day when Rick Chaffee of Rutland, Vt last year's U S giant slalom champion beat France's Patrick Russel in the third race of their best-of-three series

MILEPOSTS DEMOTED After coaching the Pistons of the NBA in their best season (40-42) since they moved to Detroit in 1957 DONNIS BUTCHER who had held the job for one full season will return to his former duties as head scout He is replaced by Assistant Paul Seymour

HIRED CAL STOLL for 10 years an assistant coach at Michigan State to replace Bill Tate as head football coach at Wake Forest Tate resigned last month after five years and a 17-32-1 record

RETIRED Under pressure from his $65,000-a-year job as commissioner of baseball WILLIAM D ECKERT, USAF (Ret.) after three lusterless years of a seven-year contract (*page 24*)

SOLD For a reported $9 million the WASHINGTON SENATORS to Robert E Short, a Minneapolis executive who is treasurer of the Democratic National Committee and a former owner of the Los Angeles Lakers of the NBA

CREDITS

4—Gerry Cranham 21 Neil Leifer 22 Walter Iooss Jr 24—Herb Scharfman 25—Ernie Anhauser Milwaukee Sentinel 30, 31—Jomar Drake 35 Herb Scharfman 36-38 Roy DeCarava 48 AP Photo Inset Potoda 51 Gerald Bumgcombe 60—Curt Gunther Camera 5 81 Skip Hess Indianapolis News (1)

FACES IN THE CROWD



BOB HILLGROVE, a grocery store manager who trains 15 miles a day six days a week, ran 6:25 miles through snow and mud in 29° weather to win the Maine AAU Cross-Country title for the second consecutive year His time was 34 minutes 59 seconds



TOM ZARA, a senior from Cold Spring Harbor, N Y , led the Millbrook (N Y) School soccer team to its second undefeated season in three years with a record total of 29 goals He finished his three varsity seasons with an overall total of 55 goals scored



TED PRUETT, a Memphis banker, won his third state duck-calling championship in six years on the banks of Kentucky Lake, near Paris, Tenn , when he defeated 20 other contestants in the four compulsory calls hail, lonesome duck, comeback and feed



GARY BONNER, a 185-pound halfback from Cleveland, set two new Brown University freshman football records with 824 yards gained and 84 points as the Bruin Cubs had their best season in seven years, 5-1 The only loss was to Columbia in the final minutes



JOHN CALL, from McCordsville, Ind , beat 165 other sailors, including the Canadian National champion, to win the Ohio Open Snipe Championship, on Lake Acton near Oxford He has won four regattas this year, was in the top three in two others



JIMMY DIETSCH, a bowling alley manager from Silver Spring, Md , earned his sixth No 1 national duckpin bowling ranking with the highest overall season average in the history of the sport 138-131 for 518 sanctioned league and tournament games during the year

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

INS AND OUTS

Sirs

Last season the Buckeyes of Ohio State won the Big Ten playoff and placed third in the NCAA tournament, defeating Adolph Rupp's Kentucky and Houston and the Big E in the process. Four starters return to this club and a hotshot sophomore moves in to take the place of Bill Hosket. Yet in your College Basketball Issue (Dec. 2) you do not pick this team in the top 20. Too bad. You were wrong about the football Buckeyes, and you will be wrong about the basketball Buckeyes.

WESLEY MILLER

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs

I was disappointed to find Purdue in and Iowa out. By no means can you say Purdue is that much better.

TIM BOLTER

Waterloo, Iowa

Sirs

I thought your pick of the top 20 basketball teams was most commendable, except for one thing. The University of Cincinnati will be No. 1 when all the NCAA playoffs are over.

TOM VERHOLT

Cincinnati

Sirs

I have just finished reading your rundown of college basketball 1968-69, and I find it very interesting (as well as ridiculous) that you mentioned 70-odd college teams without one word about the best team in the East. Duquesne University.

J. R. MCAFEE

Pittsburgh

Sirs

Thank you for discovering the University of Santa Clara, at last! The Broncos, in past years, have had highly ranked teams in football, basketball and baseball. This recognition is long overdue, but appreciated just the same.

MAGGIE WEEKES

Hayward, Calif.

PASSWORD

Sirs:

Mervin Hyman's interesting remarks in the article *The Passing Fancy* (Dec. 2) evoke some comments from one who has followed the basketball scene for 51 years.

For all the dipsy-doodle ball handling that fans best remember in connection with Bob Cousy, few are aware that Cousy was years ahead of his time. All those clever things Bob did were self-taught. As Arnie Risen remarked back in 1958, it was most fortunate for pro basketball that Cousy came along when he did, for until he brightened things up with his hocus-pocus (for which rival players called him bush) the play-for-pay game was monotonous.

In a sense Cousy never made an errant pass! If one ever reconstructed any of his passes that misfired one would quickly realize that the intended receiver either zigged when he should have zagged or loafed on the play. Bob had a most fantastic mind, and he instinctively knew where all his teammates were by the mere sound of their footbeats.

George Ireland is correct in declaring that today's ball handlers are superior to those of yesteryear. But the modern day Cousys, Lenny Wilkenses and John Egans will become more plentiful only when all of the high schools and colleges start incorporating assists in their regular box-score statistics and sportswriters begin to give playmakers and high scorers equal attention.

WILLIAM G. MOKRAY
Editor and Publisher
Basketball's Best

Revere, Mass.

Sirs

Your evaluation of the lost art of ball handling holds water until you get to Kentucky, where the emphasis on teamwork and moving the ball is so great that it sometimes may tend to be detrimental. The great Mike Casey, Kentucky's junior star, passed up several easy baskets for the privilege of passing off to another man in the Wildcats' recent romp over Xavier. Despite this, he ended up with 29 points. We at Kentucky even see such outdated phenomena as bounce passes and two-handed set shots. Keep your eye on Kentucky; the Wildcats may not win them all, but they sure play the game as it should be played.

BILL PARKINS

Lexington, Ky.

SHORT AND SIMPLE

Sirs

Your SCORECARD article "Full In The Fall" (Dec. 2) gave me an idea that is probably shared by many others. The dilemma facing both baseball and football in 1969 could be solved simply. Shorten the baseball season! I realize this is thought of by millions of baseball fans as heresy, blasphemy and an evil plot. But why should the season have to drag on through September? Attendance keeps declining, the continued expansion is diluting the overall quality of most teams and who can keep up his interest after both league championships have been locked up in August?

The final day of regular-season play should be Labor Day. Then certainly the playoffs and the World Series would be completed well before the end of September.

DONALD H. ENGSTROM

Glenview, Ill.

UNFAIR TO FAIR HARVARD

Sirs

So at halftime both Coach Yoviesin and the disgruntled seniors were sure they were going to win (*Unbeatens Met, and What Happened Beats All*, Dec. 2). Poppycock! Somebody once said a tie was like kissing your sister. Not so this one. To us Harvard grads, the Harvard-Yale tie was like kissing Cleopatra.

ROBERT W. WOOD JR.

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

You owe an apology to the 1968 Harvard football squad and its fine coach, John Yoviesin. With so many more fitting things that could have been written about this great team and its superb efforts against Yale, it is incredible that the major portion of your coverage of the Harvard-Yale game should have been devoted to the puerile and self-pitying statements allegedly made by an anonymous member of the Harvard team.

WILLIAM H. BALL JR.

New York City

PAST TO PRESENT

Sirs

It was with a great deal of pleasure that I read the article *Old Days and Changed Ways* (Nov. 25), by Alex Hannum with Frank Deford. I was especially elated to see that Mr. Hannum mentioned Al Cervi, perhaps the best defensive player and probably "the toughest guy I ever saw in the game," as Hannum said.

I had the pleasure to get to know Al Cervi three years ago at his summer basketball camp in the Adirondack Mountains. From the very beginning Mr. Cervi told us that the game of basketball was 99% desire and only 1% ability. It was largely through this man's guidance that I am now attending the University of Detroit.

Al Cervi is one of the true giants of basketball who, unfortunately, played the game too early in its development for it to fully appreciate his achievements.

JIM CALUCCHIA

Youngstown, Ohio

Sirs:

I certainly enjoyed your article *Old Days and Changed Ways*, for I "grew up" with the Oshkosh All-Stars. Lonnie Darling was my father and truly a great man as well as

continued

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coach. He was Mr. Basketball. It is sad to think his life had to end at the early age of 46. He would be overwhelmed by the popularity of basketball today.

SALLY DARLING BROWN

Plainville, Mass.

MATTER OF QUALITY

Sirs:

Lest anyone be misled by Bil Gilbert's remarks with regard to military sports and physical activity (*Play Ball, You ?#¢"¡ &*¢#!/S!*, Nov. 25), let me clear up a few points. The beneficial effects of regular vigorous physical activity to the general health of an individual are indisputable. The main benefit is not in increased life-span, but in the increased quality of life.

The stress placed on the body systems by exercise, particularly the cardiorespiratory system, improves their function not only for athletic activity, but also for the tasks of daily living. I am not speaking of the excessive stresses placed on the bodies of people such as professional athletes. Just about anything can be done to excess.

The guy who only sits at the desk and watches TV is not as well off as the guy who adds enjoyable physical activity to this routine. He can be one of the most ungainly individuals in the world and still benefit and enjoy this activity. The daily sport break also gives the individual a mental break from the problems of daily living.

JACK D. MILLER

New Holland, Pa.

NOMINATIONS

Sirs:

O. J. Simpson is the best running back college football has ever seen. He has accomplished in two years what it took other fine backs, such as Mike Garrett, three years to do. Last year he rushed for 1,543 yards despite an ankle injury that sidelined him for a game and a half. This year, with the Rose Bowl game still to play, he has scored 22 touchdowns, has carried 355 times and has rushed for 1,709 yards. And he was named the Heisman Trophy winner for 1968.

It is for these reasons that I nominate O.J. for Sportsman of the Year.

CHUCK MORGAN

Pasadena, Calif.

Sirs:

I nominate Don Meredith for Sportsman of the Year. He gets so beat up on the field. Then he gets booed. But he always comes back. In my opinion, he's got more guts than anyone in football.

STEVE LITTLE

Bedford, Texas

Sirs:

My nomination for Sportsman of the Year is Cincinnati superstar Pete Rose. In a year in which pitching dominated baseball, Mr. Rose hit a fantastic .335. If it were not for him, baseball would have had the dullest season in history.

GARY LABELLA

Utica, N.Y.

Sirs:

I wish to nominate the most overshadowed player on the USC football team for Sportsman of the Year. Who else can he be but Steve Sogge? He has led his team to victory all year, except, of course, for the tie with Notre Dame. But the irony of it all is that his truly great playing abilities were shown in this game.

Everybody knows who Terry Hanratty, Leroy Keyes, Bobby Douglass and O. J. Simpson are, but, except for the people who live in California, Sogge is unknown. I say let's make him known.

LARRY SEGER

Omaha

Sirs:

One name comes to my mind. Gale Sayers. Need any more be said?

MARV HILL JR.

Iowa City, Iowa

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Gordie Howe for Sportsman of the Year. Any man who can score 700 goals and play the game at 40 should receive the award. He truly is a great athlete and, besides being a great hockey player, he is also a master golfer and fisherman. We should have more gentlemen like Gordie in the world.

GREG PIJISHES

Garden City, Mich.

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Eugenio Monti. Monti, nine-time world champion, finally won a gold medal and then added another one, in the two- and four-man bobsled competitions, after many frustrating Olympic tries.

SCOTT POMAZON

Oakdale, Conn.

Sirs:

Undaunted by the various and sundry nominations for Sportsman of the Year made by baseball and football fans, I proudly enter the name of Robert Marvin (Bobby) Hull of the Chicago Black Hawks. The Golden Jet, who broke the record of 50 goals in a single season during the 1965-66 campaign, now maintains a 50-goal *average*. And this year, as the last of the immortals (he certainly deserves to be on a list with Ruth, Gehrig, Richard and Gordie Howe), Bobby is playing the best hockey of his life.

JOHN JAY WILHEIM

Highland Park, Ill.

SHOPWALK

Paris' Department Store of Nature will be happy to stuff your zebra

Every now and then somebody finds an unattached femur or maybe a tibia in the St.-Michel subway station of the Paris Métro and the French tabloids start raising a hue and cry about another unsolved murder. The femur or tibia generally turns out to be an item purchased from the venerable Left Bank House of Nérée Boubée and planted in the Métro by some prankster.

Pranksters, however, are not the only, or even the principal, customers of that famed store at 3 Place St.-Andre-des-Arts, a bonc's throw from the Seine. Sportsman-Premier Georges Pompidou has his pheasants stuffed at Boubee's. Nikita Khrushchev's son-in-law Aleksei used to buy butterflies there. Mountain Climber Maurice Herzog, Movie Actress Marina Vlady, Aviatrix Jacqueline Auriol, Biologist Jean Rostand and Lawyer René Floriot are all Boubee habitués.

Since it was founded in 1845 by the original Boubée, a 25-year-old Gascon geology teacher, the shop has become famous as "the department store of nature." As its erudite director, Jacques Poutiers, remarks, "We furnish absolutely everything that touches on natural history in the broadest sense. Exotic seashells, rare butterflies, handsome fossils, authentic prehistoric tools, mounted zebras and dismountable, real human skulls. We have over 100,000 items for sale, more than a big American department store."

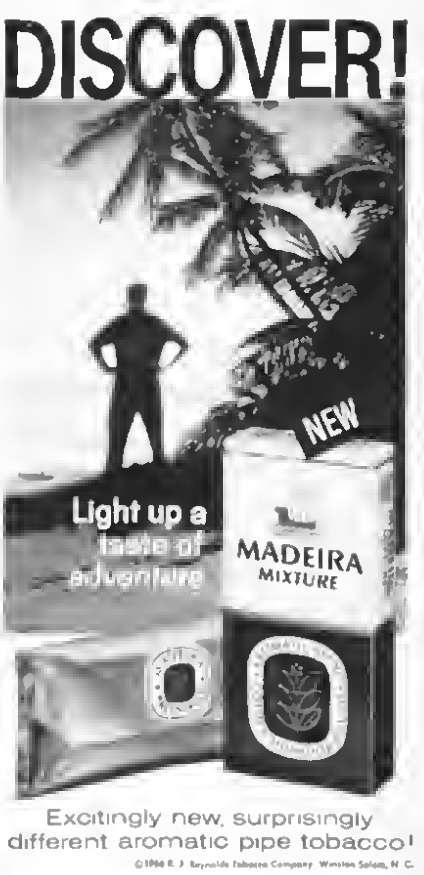
Among Boubée's enormous collection of seashells are the pink-red-lavender, harp-shaped *Harpa ventricosa* from the Indian Ocean for only $3, lovely lemon and orange two-valve shells from the Pacific for $4 or $5 apiece and the rare, long, yellow-brown Japanese spiral *Tibia fusus* for $32.

Every year Goubée "naturalizes" (*i.e.*, stuffs) 3,000 animals, including a lot of pet cats and dogs. Most costly is the zebra—$1,700—followed by the lion at $1,300. A 10-month wait and $100 will fetch you a boar's head.

Recently a hunter brought Boubee's the head of a strange animal that he had killed in the Ardennes in Belgium. "What the devil is it, I've never seen anything like it!" asked the hunter. After considerable detective work, Poutiers finally identified the animal as a musk deer found only in the forests of Burma. Not content merely to mount the animal, Poutiers determined to solve the mystery of how it got from Burma to Belgium. It turned out that the musk deer had been the mascot of a French colonial regiment in Indo-China that had returned to France in 1939. The deer escaped, headed north, and was adopted by its distant Belgian cousins, the roe deer.

—PAUL RESS





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30 Acres of Romance, Hokum and Balderdash

Postwar prejudices, the hyperbole of the prize ring's fastest-talking promoter and a nation's hectic return to Mr. Harding's abnormal normalcy made a four-round circus of a hopeless mismatch by SKIP MYSLENSKI

In the 1890s the field called Montgomery Oval had been the home of a Jersey City baseball team in the old Eastern League. But by April 26, 1921 it was really nothing more than a section of swampland in the middle of Jersey City, so recently filled in with garbage that it was still cluttered with rubble and refuse, tin cans, glass and broken boards. Then, onto the derelict oval walked George Lewis (Tex) Rickard—"the magnificent rube" as a biographer would later call him—to wave his wooden walking cane and begin a magical transformation. In just over two months, rechristened Boyle's Thirty Acres in honor of a local businessman who owned a piece of it, that littered field became a battleground known to all the world as the scene of a heavyweight boxing contest touted as second only to that between David and Goliath.

The fight itself was a result of the times. A great war had ended three years earlier. The nation's heroes were its doughboys; its villains, the "slackers." And the criteria by which they were chosen, emotion. Jack Dempsey, now a respected elder statesman of the ring and a jovial Broadway host was top villain. Officially long-acquitted of draft dodging, he was yet condemned by everyone from the newly formed American Legion to the International Reform Bureau for not having "done his bit" in the armed forces.

Georges Carpentier—the Orchid Man, the First Citizen of Lens—was a natural for "hero." The idol of all women, wounded twice during the war, decorated with both the French *Médaille Militaire* and the *Croix de Guerre* with palm, he bore the added mantle of certain martyrdom. "I hope Carpentier wins," people were saying, "but I'm afraid Dempsey'll knock his block off."

Carpentier's mediocre record and light-heavyweight body (a frail-looking 172 pounds to Dempsey's 188) went almost unnoticed amid the waves of emotion. The fight was a glaring mismatch, yet there was that waspish Irishman George Bernard Shaw calling Carpentier a Greek god with a punch, comparing him with Sweden's 17th century childking, Charles XII, and warning that "he must be either Carpentier or the devil for genius could not be more unmistakable."

And *The New York Times* cast the Frenchman as not only the representative of his country but of the "millions of soldiers who had fought in the trenches."

It was all hokum, and no one knew it better than Rickard. To keep it going, he surrounded the challenger with a cloak of unavailability. Carpentier's training camp was closed to reporters. He was working on a "secret punch." And if this wasn't enough to quell skeptics, there was always the strange case of François Descamps' hypnotic eye.

This particular story had spread in the two fights Carpentier won just before meeting Dempsey, when both his victims, Bombardier Billy Wells and Joe Beckett, claimed they were whammied by Descamps, Carpentier's manager. "I felt uneasy with that man staring at me," Wells claimed. "I felt queer all over, even before Carpentier landed his first blow," said Beckett. The story became so believable that even during the week of the fight, a Paris newspaper, *Le Petit Parisien*, suggested that Descamps be made to wear opaque motorcycle goggles "through which the malevolent emanations would be unable to pass."

To add to the growing pile of press clippings, ticket orders and money came flowing into Rickard's office. There was over $100,000 even before the site was announced, $650,000 with one month left and, finally, the magic $1 million five days before the meeting of two men who had suddenly become more than mere mortals.

Meanwhile, the workmen were working their own miracle on Boyle's Thirty Acres. The land had been cleared, some 60,000 cubic yards of earth dug away, and by mid-May the all-wood octagon started rising toward its place in the sky. Capacity was altered from a planned 50,000 to a new 70,000 and again to the final 91,613. As plans expanded, construction costs rose from the intended $125,000 to twice that figure, and the whole eastern seaboard had to be combed for the 2.25 million board feet of lumber needed to complete the job. Why were plans changed so often? "It was just that ticket sales were so good, we had to keep adding on and on," said one of the workmen. As a result the final numbers were not stenciled onto the seats until the night before the fight.

By that time people all over the world were waiting for what was now being called the Battle of the Century. The Jersey City and Newark baseball teams called off a doubleheader because of the fight. Paris waited to be informed by lights on a plane flying overhead—red for Carpentier, white for Dempsey. Other planes waited near Jersey City itself to fly pictures of the fight to Chicago for the next morning's *Tribune* and to ships already at sea for final transport to Europe. And everywhere people were praying that right would triumph over might and that Carpentier the Hero would beat Dempsey the Slacker. MAY A REAL FIGHTER AND A REAL MAN WIN, the Tennessee branch of the American Legion wired the Frenchman, "and carry the belt across the seas until this country can produce a 100% American able to regain it."

At Boyle's, 2,900 police, firemen, plainclothesmen and private ushers wait-

continued

ed to handle the crush, setting up blockades four blocks away from the stadium, letting only properly accredited people into the menagerie. The final count was to be 80,183, representing every level of life.

Most came by subway and buses. The famous names, however, arrived in limousines and private railway cars and yachts and chartered tugboats. William H. Vanderbilt. John D. Rockefeller Jr. Henry Ford. Harry Payne Whitney. Vincent Astor. George M. Cohan. Jake Ruppert. And Al Jolson, who had closed his show in Butte, Mont. so he could attend. The celebrities sat down front in the $50 ringside seats (folding chairs brought over from Madison Square Garden). Behind them, on benches of spruce, were the common people, the peasants who had paid $40, $30, $25, $20, $15, $10 and $5.50.

As Carpentier entered the arena to the accompaniment of wild cheers, there occurred something that might well have turned boxing's brightest day into tragedy. Up in section H, back in the $5.50 seats, the final additions, the stadium started to sway.

"There was just a movement," an engineer who helped build the stands says today. "Don't make too big of a thing out of it. There was a movement, a decided sway. But there really was never any danger of the stadium collapsing. None."

The people in the stands at the time were far from convinced of this. "Everybody stay down," one man yelled. Then he turned to a policeman. "If you police can't make them sit down, club them down."

Unaware of what was happening behind them, those in front watched Dempsey cutting Carpentier in the first round, getting stunned in the second, then mercilessly punishing the challenger in the third, before knocking him out in the fourth. Many were silent. Some cried.

The next day *The New York Times* ran an eight-column banner on its front page and filled six of its eight news columns with stories of the fight. (Only the day's news of President Harding, an attempted suicide and the marriage of the Duchess of Marlborough were permitted to share the page.) For the next 12 pages there were, again, nothing but fight stories and pictures. As if in apology, the staid old journal editorialized that same day, "The world may now gain its equipoise."

Three days later a group of engineers checked the stadium and found it safe. It stood for six more years, then Rickard had it torn down. Today, Boyle's Thirty Acres are lost in the middle of a housing project, the only echo of their sporting past lying in the shouts of the boys of Ferris High School of Jersey City as they shag grounders on the project's baseball diamond. **END**

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